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### THE COMING SESSION.

AS the Ministers have wisely kept the secret of their intentions, any anticipation of the business of the Session must be conjectural, except perhaps that a Bankruptcy Bill will almost certainly be introduced. If Lord BEACONSFIELD undertakes to settle the Irish University question, he will furnish an unexpected proof of his preference of public duty to party interests. The difficulty is not so far insuperable that it would baffle a despotic legislator; but it is almost impossible to carry through Parliament a Bill which, by a singular ill-fortune, must dissatisfy one of two hostile majorities. Any arrangement which would satisfy the Roman Catholic bishops would be opposed by the English Nonconformists, by the Irish Protestants, and by a considerable section of the Conservative party. On the other hand, the Liberal Opposition would ally themselves with the Irish Home Rule members against any scheme which failed to conciliate the Roman Catholics. Although Lord BEACONSFIELD is in no sense a bigot, he has for some years ceased to court the Romish hierarchy. The rejection of the overtures which were made by Lord MAYO eleven or twelve years ago produced an impression which was probably confirmed by the subsequent failure of Mr. GLADSTONE's experiment. If the attempt is nevertheless renewed, the Ministerial proposals may be expected to follow the precedent of Lord CAIRNS's Bill of last year; but the Irish newspapers assert with much probability that the Roman Catholic bishops will not be satisfied with so moderate a concession. The rumour of a project of extending household suffrage to counties is more extravagantly improbable. The PRIME MINISTER indeed cultivates illusions on the subject of a popular franchise which might tempt him to an act of political suicide; but his colleagues and his adherents are not prepared to disfranchise or to swamp the landowners and farmers who have always formed the nucleus of his party. The North Norfolk election was a protest, not only against the policy of the Opposition, but against the transfer to the labourers of the control of the county representation. It is doubtful whether the House of Lords would, even at the instance of a Conservative Government, pass on the first occasion the most democratic measure which has yet been proposed. If such a Bill failed, the existing constituencies would not fail to revenge themselves at the election for a wanton attack on their rights and interests.

It is more doubtful whether the County Government Bill of last Session will be again introduced with or without amendments. Mr. FORSTER, in his speech at Yarmouth, endeavoured to detach the farmers from their party by denouncing the Ministers for their scandalous neglect of an urgent demand for local administration. It was true that he and his friends had for many years acquiesced in the existing system, having not even brought to a second reading a Bill which was at one time printed for the redistribution of rural areas, and for a new machinery of administration; but in an election speech a party politician is not expected to be scrupulously candid. The present Government in 1877 induced Mr. CLARE READ to withdraw a County Government Bill on the promise that they would take official charge of a similar measure. The pledge was so far redeemed that a Bill for the purpose was introduced early in the last Session, by which a partially representative Board would have been established in every county. There

was no reason to question the good faith of the Government; and several amendments to the original scheme were favourably considered; but ultimately the Bill was withdrawn, not so much through want of time, as because neither the farmers nor any other class of the community expressed or felt the smallest desire for a change. Obstinate resistance to a plausible proposal would have produced a certain agitation; but concession at once disclosed the absence of serious pressure. It is not unlikely that the Government may, after the experience of last year, decline the resumption of a troublesome task; but it is in their power both to perform a public service and to gain a certain amount of credit by passing a well-considered measure. The Justices manage the county finances as well as any Board or Council which could be devised; but they have no administrative powers, and in the present day it would be impossible to create a local governing body which would not be, at least in part, representative. In country districts there is much need of an efficient sanitary authority, and the county is by far the most convenient area. Boards of Guardians are often indifferent to the sanitary condition of houses and villages within their jurisdiction, and their officers are seldom thoroughly independent. A county inspector would not be afraid to offend the owners or occupiers of unhealthy dwellings. There is no reason of public interest or of party expediency for leaving the organization of rural government to a future Ministry.

One important Bill will almost certainly be passed. It is understood that the Commissioners on Mr. Justice STEPHEN'S Criminal Code will have completed their labours by the commencement of the Session; and the Bill which embodies their recommendations will be introduced without delay. It would obviously be absurd to discuss the details of the measure in the House; and it may be hoped that professional members will not insist on the appointment of a Committee to do over again the work of the Commission. Acquiescence in two propositions would justify and require the acceptance of the Code as a whole. If it is right that a Code should be substituted for a mass of statutes and decided cases, and if the Code as amended is apparently well adapted on the whole to its purpose, there can be no reason for further delay. Every Session will furnish opportunities for corrections and amendments which may probably be suggested by experience; and the result of cases hereafter decided will be periodically incorporated in the Code. If the LORD CHANCELLOR and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who have vigorously promoted the Criminal Code, also succeed in passing a satisfactory Bankruptcy Bill, they will have done much to signalize their incumbency of office. Parliament will scarcely have leisure or inclination for any other measure of law reform. The Government seems to have determined on prolonging the existence of the anomalous tribunal which decides against Railway Companies at the average cost, in salaries alone, of 900*l.* for each case which is tried. It would be in every way better to transfer the jurisdiction to the ordinary courts. As the present system is to be continued, those who are interested in the subject will do well to watch vigilantly attempts which will probably be made to extend the powers of the Commission.

It is impossible to foresee whether the attention of Parliament will be occupied, as during the last Session, by foreign politics. The Afghan controversy was happily

in great measure exhausted during the fortnight's debates in December. Parliament will not encourage further criticism of the transactions of Lord LAWRENCE or Lord NORTHERBOOK, nor will it again inquire into the necessity of a war for which both Houses have made themselves responsible. There will be equally little advantage in discussing the physical and political merits of Cyprus, or the remote possibilities of Turkish reform; but new events may at any time revive the excitement which has died away. On the whole, the chances are in favour of a comparatively tranquil Session, as far as foreign affairs are concerned; but the leisure which may be enjoyed will probably not be fruitful of legislation. The lease of the present Parliament has too nearly expired for the outgoing occupiers of seats to devote exclusive attention to improvements. Orators, on both sides, and especially on the Opposition benches, will be constantly tempted to address their constituents rather than their colleagues in the House. The promoters of special doctrines and crotchetts will appeal to their supporters with an earnestness proportional to their numbers and influence. It is probable that the licensed victuallers will receive the respectful and apologetic notice which was eagerly bestowed upon them by both parties after their brilliant victory in 1874. The Home Rule members, unless they irritate all parties by a renewal of Parliamentary obstruction, will find themselves objects of general deference. It will not indeed be possible to grant them the only boon which they profess to want, but almost any other concession will be freely promised. The main interest of the Session will consist in the influence which it may exercise on the fortunes of contending parties; but in the transaction of ordinary business the Government will find itself for the first time confronted by an eager and united Opposition. The near prospect of office has much effect in removing unseasonable scruples and in reconciling differences which might impede the formation of a Ministry. The Liberal leaders in the House of Commons will lose no opportunity of displaying their great superiority in debating power. With Mr. GLADSTONE, Sir W. HAROURT, Lord HARTINGTON, and Mr. LOWE watching for every opportunity of attack, it will not be prudent to attempt a paradoxical or hazardous policy.

#### LORD HARTINGTON AT LIVERPOOL.

THE opening of a new Liberal Club at Liverpool has afforded Lord HARTINGTON a convenient opportunity for reviewing and explaining the policy of his party. Whatever may be the other consequences of his speech, even his opponents would allow that it will considerably add to his growing reputation and influence. Lord HARTINGTON has lately shown that, when he takes up a question, he can make it his own, can contribute the fruits of real thought to its discussion, and pour on it a light which he himself bestows. This, it must be confessed, is precisely what Liberals secretly thought their new leader could not do. They were sure that he would do his Parliamentary work well, that he would go patiently through a heavy amount of labour, that he would be conciliatory to his supporters and courteous to his opponents. But the utmost they looked for was that he should be solid and sensible when he addressed political gatherings outside the House. He himself probably would never have known what he could do had not greatness been thrust upon him. As in the case of some other eminent men, his capabilities have grown on him with his opportunities. At Liverpool he had an opportunity, and he took advantage of it. Other Liberal leaders can make their special contributions to the advocacy of their cause. Mr. GLADSTONE has at his command a perennial spring of passionate declamation, and Sir WILLIAM HAROURT is a master in the art of brilliant and amusing invective. But Lord HARTINGTON found a new field in considering the policy of the Government from the point of view of a statesman. He did not treat the members of the present Cabinet as a set of fools or scoundrels, nor did he try to make them ridiculous or raise a laugh at their blunders. He acknowledged with frankness that the Conservatives have introduced some valuable measures; and, in attacking the Ministry for its foreign policy, he did not say a word to which the most susceptible Conservative could object as unfair or personally offensive. He endeavoured to make it clear that the Ministry had one policy and that he and

his friends had another policy, and to show why he thought the former wrong and the latter right. In accordance with this general view, he explained the past conduct of the Opposition, or, at any rate, of his opposition; and he was perhaps entitled to adopt the convenient fiction that his opposition is the only opposition which the Liberal party has offered. So long as it was uncertain in what way the Government was going he supported it. He thought it right that England should challenge the settlement of San Stefano, and he did what he could to leave the Government unembarrassed while it merely appeared in the character of the giver of this challenge. It was only when he found that by one secret treaty England had yielded to Russia everything Russia asked for elsewhere than in Bulgaria, and by another had bound itself to Turkey, and asked a price for the bargain, that he offered the utmost opposition in his power. He owns that this opposition was so far indiscriminate that it opposed everything that the Government did. But then he contended that every step taken by the Government was taken in the pursuit of a special policy, and that naturally each step was wrong in the eyes of those who thought the policy wrong. It was high time that the controversy should be placed on this footing, and that the contest should be made to assume the character of a struggle between the rival policies of English statesmen.

The policy of the Ministry, as Lord HARTINGTON described it, is to give Russia great advantages outside what remains of Turkey, but to prop up the Turkish Government and to thwart the aspirations of the subject races of Turkey. The policy of Lord HARTINGTON is to offer a very firm front to Russia, but to aid the subject races in every possible way, and to leave the Turkish Government to itself. The barrier which the Conservatives wish to interpose between Russia and Constantinople is the barrier of a Turkish army in the Balkans. The barrier which the Liberals wish to interpose is that of the freed subjects of Turkey. We will not pause to inquire whether the description of the Conservative policy is perfectly accurate, or whether the policy of firm opposition to Russia has not slowly dawned on the leaders of the Opposition, rather than been distinctly grasped by them from the outset. Nor is it necessary at present to balance the merits of these rival policies, because Lord HARTINGTON promised in his speech to take an early opportunity of explaining in detail what his policy is, and it is premature to bestow criticism before it is certain what it is that is to be criticized. At Liverpool Lord HARTINGTON occupied himself chiefly with the preliminary question whether it is right in the Opposition to invite the constituencies to decide at the next election between the rival policies he describes. Lord HARTINGTON very properly recognized that when an existing Parliament has decisively sanctioned the foreign policy of a Ministry, the Opposition, in order to escape the charge of factiousness and of wasting public time, must show that the matter in question has not been irrevocably settled one way or the other, and that the issues involved are of sufficient importance to the prosperity and strength of England to justify an appeal for the reversal of the policy hitherto pursued. Lord HARTINGTON may be held to have been successful in establishing both these points. Some things that have been done have been done once for all. If Lord HARTINGTON came into office next week, he would have to uphold the Treaty of Berlin, to administer Cyprus, and, if he was conscientiously persuaded that the Turks had reformed themselves, to withhold any advance of Russia in Armenia. But the general policy of propping up the Turkish Government, and of keeping down the subject races of Turkey, is a question not of next week or of this year, but of years and years to come; and is this policy really the secret of European peace, and therefore of English prosperity, so far as European peace ensures it? This, it must be owned, is as important a question as could be submitted to the constituencies. It is inconceivable that we may be making vigorous and incessant efforts, spending our money and employing our thoughts, and all in the wrong direction. We may be troubling the peace of Europe, instead of securing it. We may be clinging to a hopeless past, instead of allying ourselves with a promising future. Lord HARTINGTON appears to be honestly convinced that this would be the result of the Ministry's policy; and, if so, it would involve a total departure from the principles of constitutional government to say that he is not entitled to ask the constituencies to pronounce whether the right or the wrong path shall be pursued.

The special merit of Lord HARTINGTON's speech was, as we have said, that he recognized that the Ministry has a distinct policy, and one that English statesmen may naturally adopt. No one, of whatever party, can deny that the policy of the Conservatives is in keeping with the traditional policy of England, and that the policy of the Liberals is not. In order to justify a new departure, it is necessary for the Liberals to show that a new departure is imperatively needed, and to explain what this new departure practically means. There must, in short, be a Liberal statesmanship as opposed to a Conservative statesmanship. The constituencies, unless the nature of the two policies was explained to them, could not possibly understand the issues they have to decide. They are thus in the position of jurymen who could not understand the bearing of facts and the issues of law unless they were adequately instructed by the Bar and the Bench, but with this instruction they may hope, by a happy chance, or by the exercise of common sense, to arrive at a tolerably fair conclusion. The Ministry has had its say, and has evidently produced some impression on the jury. Lord HARTINGTON and his friends are now stating the case on the other side, and are seeking to make a still stronger impression on those whom they are addressing. Unfortunately for the Liberals there is one conspicuous difference between jurymen and electors. The jury have a special business to do which they must do. Their attention is confined to the case before them, and they have a verdict to give one way or the other. But the electors may attend to the case with which they have to deal, or not attend to it, as they please. They may find it too difficult for easy comprehension, and choose to think of something else. They may secretly be of opinion that, when statesmen ask them to balance the probabilities as to whether something, the character of which they cannot appreciate, is likely, or is not likely, to involve England in difficulties five or ten years hence, the statesmen are asking too much. The electors may prefer to turn to other issues which seem more within their compass, and to ask under which Government they will get most beer, or find the largest room for their religious animosities. They may not even get so far as any general question, and may confine their thoughts to calculating which candidate amuses them most, or is likely to spend the most money in the neighbourhood, or can hurt them most if they go against him. Merely as a guess it may be surmised that the country is rather tired of Turkey. Lord HARTINGTON knows perfectly well that the smaller and more personal or local are the issues with which the country is occupying itself, the better is the chance of the Conservatives. He, therefore, spoke with a gloomy hesitation as to the results of the impending contest. All that he can do is to try to stir the country up to the consideration of big things, and if he fails he will at least have the consolation of thinking that he has done his best, and has done it in a way very creditable to himself.

#### FRANCE.

HERE is a curious resemblance between the occasion of Marshal MACMAHON's election to the Presidentship of the French Republic and the occasion of his resignation of it. He was made President in the first instance because M. THIERS would not do the very thing which in the end the MARSHAL himself refused to do. In January 1879, the Left were as eager to get rid of Marshal MACMAHON as the Right were, in May 1873, to get rid of M. THIERS. But the Right must have put up with M. THIERS if he would have consented to take his Ministers from the majority in the National Assembly and to be guided by their advice when he had taken them, and the Left must have put up with Marshal MACMAHON if, having taken his Ministers from the majority in the Chamber of Députés, he would have signed the decrees they presented to him. The Right in 1873 were professedly the champions of that principle of Ministerial responsibility which Marshal MACMAHON has resigned rather than recognize. He has every right, however, to plead that the party which elected him to maintain it had by anticipation condoned his abandonment of it. From the moment that the Ministers were taken from the wrong side, the affection which the Right had entertained for Ministerial responsibility gave way to an entirely new

conception of the President's duty. Instead of preaching submission to the majority, they preached resistance to it. The MARSHAL, who had been made President expressly to take his policy from his Cabinet, was now urged to choose a Cabinet which would consent to take its policy from him. It remains to be seen whether the new PRESIDENT will be more willing than M. THIERS or Marshal MACMAHON to efface himself in the proper constitutional fashion. There is much less chance, however, of his dispositions in this respect being subjected to any really decisive test than there was in the case of either of his predecessors. M. THIERS was elected by a majority which was pretty certain to turn against him in the end. Marshal MACMAHON was elected by a majority which was certain before his term of office was over to have become a minority. M. GRÉVY has been elected by a majority which to all appearance will outlast his Presidentship, if not his life. The Parliamentary conflicts that are yet to come may break up the deputies who voted for him into mutually hostile camps; but they will still be united in their desire to maintain Republican institutions, and it is scarcely likely that, upon any point which did not even indirectly involve this supreme issue, M. GRÉVY will think himself bound to retire from office rather than do what the Constitution prescribes.

For the present Frenchmen will perhaps be more interested in what the PRESIDENT wears, or lets others wear, than in what he does. According to the correspondent of an English newspaper, fortune has not been content with replacing a President in full uniform by a President in a black coat and a tall hat. She has even arranged that Marshal MACMAHON's successor shall most often be seen in a grey suit and a wide-awake. For the moment Republican enthusiasm is kindled by the testimony borne by M. GRÉVY's clothes to the supremacy of the civil over the military power, and from this point of view no doubt France may be congratulated on the exchange. But if the supremacy of the civil power is to be made evident to the populace, some more positive means must be resorted to than the mere absence of military pomp. The ceremonial side of power has to be considered in all countries and under every form of Government, and it cannot be said that France and a Republic are the country and the form of Government which can best afford to despise it. On the contrary, a wise administration will rather seek to invest the new institutions with as much dignity as can be given to them without descending to a foolish imitation of former Governments. Under Kings and Emperors the first place in the State has always been associated in the eyes and minds of the people with a certain amount of external magnificence. It will not be prudent to mark the change from the Monarchy to the Republic by an entire change of fashion, or to encourage scoffers to argue that the power of the executive is reduced in the same proportion as its state. It is possible that M. GRÉVY, who belongs to an old-fashioned school of Republicans, may desire to see American simplicity reproduced in France. If he does, or rather, if he means to do anything to give effect to his desire, he will show less wisdom in small things than he has shown in great. The circumstances and traditions of the two countries are so entirely different that few or no inferences can be drawn from one for the benefit of the other. The United States have no aristocracy, no army, and outside a few great towns no one low enough socially to be greatly impressed by external pomp. In France there are all these things, and where they exist it can hardly be wise to give every wealthy noble and every successful soldier the opportunity of appealing to whatever admiration for external pomp is still left in France far more successfully than the Chief of the State. It is no part of the Republican idea that the official representative of the Republic should be habitually outshone by individual citizens of it.

The Message of M. GRÉVY to the Chambers was precisely what was to be expected. It defined the position of the President upon the two points in which under Marshal MACMAHON it was unascertained. M. GRÉVY will never enter into conflict with the national will as expressed by its constitutional organs; and he promises on behalf of his Ministers that the Republic shall in future be served by functionaries who are neither its enemies nor its detractors. It may be assumed that M. GRÉVY did not begin his new career by taking more than his proper share in the composition of the Message. Strictly speaking, therefore,

nothing is to be inferred from it as to his own estimate of the policy set out in it. But when a President has been elected under circumstances of extraordinary significance, and has confided the conduct of public affairs to a Minister of his own choice, it is natural to suppose that his first Message will represent in an unusual degree his own views as well as those of his Cabinet. What is declared to be the policy of the Government goes to the country, therefore, with the *imprimatur* of the most consistent and trusted Republican in France. As such the Message leaves nothing to be desired. It is Conservative in the best sense; and if M. WADDINGTON and his colleagues are allowed by the majority to carry out the intentions expressed in it, there is no reason to doubt that M. GRÉVY's prediction will be fulfilled, and that under the new Government France will find her repose insured and the development of her prosperity, power, and grandeur promoted. It would be idle, however, to assume as a matter of course that the majority will display this commonplace wisdom. The immediate effect of the elections of the 5th of January was to breed an inconvenient elation, under the influence of which the desire of the Republican party seemed to be to put its newly-found supremacy to the test as soon and as often as possible. To dismiss for the sake of dismissing was the rule which it appeared bent on applying to every official from the Prime Minister downwards. How far the retirement of M. DUFRAUDE was due to some remaining infection of this temper cannot be said with confidence; but it seems hardly probable that, if M. DUFRAUDE had been able to count on the support of the majority, he would have first consented to remain, and then insisted on going. M. WADDINGTON is the best successor M. DUFRAUDE could have, but there is nothing in his character or policy which suggests that he will escape the opposition which M. DUFRAUDE would have encountered. The PRESIDENT's Message is eminently free from any attempt to perform impossible feats of conciliation. It does not present the Government in any other aspect than that which it has consistently worn since the 13th of December, 1877. M. WADDINGTON is M. DUFRAUDE over again. Few reasonable observers will doubt that, in the interests of France, nothing better could be desired. The immediate question, however, is—Will the majority in the Chamber of Deputies be guided by a prudent regard for the interests of France? The Republican party have given so many proofs of their power of learning by experience that it would be unjust not to believe that they will be so guided. They have overcome one difficulty after another, and many of those difficulties have been far more formidable than that which now lies before them. But the most formidable difficulty is not always the greatest, and it may almost be said that the prospects of the Republic would be brighter if they were a little less assured. Entire prosperity will sometimes find out weak places which have escaped notice under more chequered conditions, and it is now to be seen whether France is to furnish a new instance of this discouraging truth.

#### MR. GLADSTONE'S INDICTMENT AGAINST THE MINISTRY.

IT is scarcely a compliment to say that Mr. GLADSTONE'S letter to the managers of the Liberal party in Midlothian is highly characteristic. There was no occasion for any answer to their offer beyond a simple acceptance; but Mr. GLADSTONE cannot express gratitude to his supporters without at the same time making a furious attack upon the Government. When he had announced his intention of retiring from the representation of Greenwich, he received invitations from Leeds, Manchester, and other large towns; but he repeatedly declared that he would not, except on the eve of the general election, finally determine either to remain in the House of Commons or to prefer any particular seat. As he has satisfied himself that he will be returned by a majority of the electors of Midlothian, he has every right to change his purpose, and to pledge himself at once to contest the county. It was not necessary to explain by reference to the misdeeds of his political adversaries his natural disinclination to abandon the scene of his triumphs. Four or five years ago Mr. GLADSTONE felt the weariness which often overtakes statesmen who have long undergone the labours of Parliament and of office. It was said that his personal satisfaction in relief from responsi-

bility and from toil was almost an equivalent for the disappointing result of his ill-timed appeal to the country. Before the beginning of the Session of 1875 he resigned his post as leader of the Liberal party, with the supposed intention of retiring from active political warfare. It is a matter of common experience that men who have been only anxious for rest from toil become, after a time, equally impatient of repose. Mr. GLADSTONE was in no way bound to adhere to his real or supposed purpose of retirement at a time when his mental and bodily powers are in no degree impaired. He has in fact, within the last two or three years, by speech and writing, worked almost harder than in any former part of his life. His resignation of the post of leader has relieved him from official restraint, and from the necessity of consulting his colleagues and followers; but it has not made him less prominent in Parliamentary debate, and the mass of the party out of doors still recognize him as their chief without protest on his part. It is not known whether, if a change of Ministry results from the election, Mr. GLADSTONE will again take office. It may be doubted whether his former colleagues confide in his moderation and judgment; but they would find the conduct of affairs almost impossible if Mr. GLADSTONE assumed the position of an independent patron. While they are still in Opposition, they are not a little embarrassed by the versatile energy of their formidable ally. The violent language of his answer to the Midlothian electors has probably given much more satisfaction to Lord BEAUFORT than to Lord HARTINGTON.

Unconscious of the impulse which prompts him to restless activity, Mr. GLADSTONE still persuades himself that in ordinary circumstances he would wish to retire, or to occupy the easiest seat which he could find in the House of Commons; but his burning indignation against the worst of Governments compels him to return into the thick of the fray. Hoping that at the general election the constituents will definitively condemn the Ministerial policy, he is above all things anxious that they should return a distinct and positive verdict. If it were essential to the purposes of invective to be strictly consistent, Mr. GLADSTONE might perhaps be thought to assign but a fantastic reason for continuing to sit in the House of Commons. The result of the election will be known before he can take his seat for Midlothian, and his language implies a belief that the decision of the country will be final. If there is a Liberal majority Mr. GLADSTONE's aid in overthrowing the present Government will not be required, and the return of an adverse majority would apparently drive him to despair. Irrepressible pugnacity explains his candidature better than any far-fetched apology. No other member of the Liberal party can deal equally heavy blows; and even if he still finds himself in a minority Mr. GLADSTONE will be a dangerous assailant. For a Parliament which happens not to share his opinions he has the smallest possible respect. His denunciations of the policy of the Government apply almost with equal force to the House of Commons which has steadily approved all the Ministerial proceedings. It could not be expected that Mr. GLADSTONE should submit his own judgment to an adverse majority; but it might perhaps have occurred to him that there must be something to be said in defence of conduct deliberately and repeatedly sanctioned by Parliament. It is also certain that a large and not unintelligent portion of the community shares the folly and wickedness which is imputed to the Government, and by implication to the House of Commons. As the Midlothian managers have shown to the satisfaction of Mr. GLADSTONE that they are strong enough to return a Liberal member, it was unnecessary to stimulate their zeal by polemical violence.

The charge of financial extravagance mainly resolves itself into a reproach against the Government for its foreign policy. The public expenditure would not have been materially increased but for the complications which have occurred in Eastern Europe and in Asia. The commercial stagnation which has now lasted for several years necessarily affects the revenue, which in a season of prosperity had shown its elasticity in the opposite direction. The slow progress of legislation is partially due to the same cause. During the last year it was found impossible to concentrate the attention of Parliament on domestic affairs; and the Ministers themselves were largely occupied in diplomatic transactions. Even if there had been neither a Russian invasion of Turkey nor an Afghan war,

the present Ministers, who were placed in office because the country was tired of incessant disturbance, would have disappointed their supporters if they had attempted to emulate Mr. GLADSTONE's activity. In one of his many recent essays he enumerated more than twenty measures which, in his judgment, urgently required the intervention of Government. As almost all the proposed changes would have been disapproved by the present Ministers, it is not surprising that they have abstained from promoting measures which it would have been their duty to oppose. If they had been guilty only of domestic errors and shortcomings, Mr. GLADSTONE would probably still have sought a seat in the future Parliament for the purpose of again encountering his habitual opponents; but his animosity is more deeply stirred by the foreign policy which he proceeds to denounce in unmeasured terms.

Mr. GLADSTONE evidently believes that his latest paradox, as expounded in his essay on "The Friends and Foes of 'Russia,'" tends to expose the Government to popular odium. At last convinced that the English nation is not credulous as to the generous and disinterested policy of Russia, he complains that the Ministers have by their policy increased the power of their unpopular rival. In one sense the proposition is true. When a great military Power undertakes the conquest of the dominions of a weaker State, a third Government which declines to offer active resistance to the aggressor may be said indirectly to promote his objects. By not repeating the policy of the Crimean war, the Government rendered possible the triumphs which have undoubtedly aggrandized Russia. Lord BEACONSFIELD would perhaps have taken an opposite and bolder course if he had been backed by his Cabinet, by Parliament, and by the country; but it is unreasonable to make his Government responsible for not pursuing a course which Mr. GLADSTONE would have denounced as insane and criminal. From the time when the English Ministers declined to take part in the war, the increase of Russian power and the extension of Russian territory might easily be foreseen; yet Mr. GLADSTONE thinks it worth while to allege as one of his reasons for contesting Midlothian that the Government has compromised the honour and interests of the country by at the same time strengthening Russia and alienating the goodwill of the Russian nation. In another quarter Lord BEACONSFIELD and his colleagues cannot be accused of a similar error. Mr. GLADSTONE of course assures the electors of Midlothian that the Afghan war was unnecessary and unjust; but he could scarcely deny that it has inflicted a serious check on Russia. Before it began, Afghanistan was on the verge of becoming a Russian province; and now the fugitive AMEER can obtain from his patrons neither assistance nor consolation. No opponent of the Government has yet suggested any alternative method by which the same result could have been obtained. Plausible arguments have been urged to prove that the war might have been avoided; but Mr. GLADSTONE stands almost alone in his assumption that the Government is obviously and hopelessly in the wrong. In general an argument ought to have some reference to the conclusion. Mr. GLADSTONE's attack on the Government was in no degree needed to explain his readiness to serve in another Parliament. If acrimony is a proof of vigour, his future constituents may be assured that he shows no symptom of declining energy.

#### INDIAN FINANCE.

THE manufacturers of Lancashire and Yorkshire have made a new appeal to the new SECRETARY OF STATE. They ask Lord CRANBROOK to carry out the promises of Lord SALISBURY. These promises Lord CRANBROOK is not only willing, but, as he assured the manufacturers appealing to him, ardently longing, to carry out; but then all that Lord SALISBURY promised was that the duties on imported cotton goods should be abolished when India can afford to abolish them; and, as India cannot at present, in the opinion of the Government, afford to abolish them, the duties must continue to be imposed. The deputation hinted rather than asserted that India could afford to abolish them, that there was a surplus, and that this surplus was being diverted from its legitimate purpose of removing burdens from English manufacturers. Lord CRANBROOK did not seem quite sure whether there was a surplus or not, and his uncertainty

reflects the permanent obscurity in which Indian finance is involved. Mr. FAWCETT, in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*, has endeavoured to diminish this obscurity, and he succeeds up to the point to which he takes us. He is always lucid, and masters the special subject with which he had to deal. But he treats of the past rather than the present, and leads us to general rather than particular conclusions. Nothing could be more clear or more useful than his dissection of the Budget of 1876-7. He lays proper stress on the distinction between the gross and the net revenue of India. The cost of collecting the revenue of India is so high that the nominal revenue is much larger than the real. The clear sum which the Government had to spend in 1876 was a little over thirty-seven millions, and to get this thirteen millions had to be expended. While, therefore, the nominal revenue was over fifty millions, the real revenue was one-quarter less. When the question to be determined is what the Government can afford to spend, then this distinction between the real and the nominal revenue is most important. But, when other questions are raised, to insist too strongly on this distinction may be misleading. If, for example, the question is, What light does the amount of taxes paid by a country throw on its wealth and on its power of supporting new burdens? it is the nominal and not the real measure that ought to be taken as the standard. What the people of India pay is not thirty-seven millions, but fifty. If they are made to pay a million more, it is an increase of two per cent., not of nearly three. If, again, the question is asked, What proportion does the expenditure on the army bear to the revenue? it is not easy to see why Mr. FAWCETT should compare the cost of the army with the net and not with the gross revenue. The army is a means by which the revenue is collected. Unless the sepoy walked up and down his barrack-yard, the tax-gatherer outside could not collect a rupee. It is the collection of the gross, not of the net, revenue to which the sepoy contributes his valuable aid. He and the tax-gatherer work together, and the cost of each is equally a charge, and is a charge of the same kind on the revenue.

There are many points of the same general nature which might be used to show the difficulties besetting the discussion of Indian finance. But they do not affect matters of immediate interest. What we want to know is whether India is paying its way, can pay its way, and, if not, when and how England must step in to its aid. Mr. FAWCETT draws attention to two very important topics—the inelasticity of the ordinary revenue, and the extreme difficulty, if not impossibility, of devising new taxes. Lord CRANBROOK fully recognized that there are no new taxes of which he or his advisers can think. As to the inelasticity of the ordinary revenue, much of what Mr. FAWCETT says is incontestable. The ordinary revenue is not elastic, partly because it is limited by the land settlements, and partly on account of the poverty and inertness of the people. But the ordinary revenue is not wholly stationary, and Mr. FAWCETT does not seem to do complete justice to its prospects of increase. He takes canals as examples of unproductive works, but omits to notice railways, which are continually giving a better return. The Northern manufacturers may find the basis of another appeal in the argument that the Indian Government will soon by its purchase of the East Indian line come into a new revenue about equal to the whole sum collected from cotton duties. New export trades, more especially that in wheat and seeds, have lately assumed a very important character, and there must be some parts of India where the exported articles are grown, which must be growing richer, although, in consequence of famines, the whole country may not have advanced in wealth. But the question whether theoretically India ought not to be expected to be paying its way is not so important as the question whether India is practically paying its way. No one who has not tried to answer the question can have any notion how very hard a one it is to answer. In the recent Afghan debates leading members of the Ministry assured Parliament that India could perfectly well afford to provide, or largely contribute to, the cost, because the Indian revenue this year shows an unexpected surplus. Is there such a surplus, and, if so, how has it been obtained? Mr. FAWCETT gives the only information on the point that has yet been published, and says the surplus comes from an increase of

1,200,000*l.* in the revenue from opium. We may discard the suggestion that the Government has been sending larger quantities of opium than usual to the market in order to provide funds for the Afghan war. If it sold more now, it would have less to sell hereafter, and to call the increased proceeds of present sales a surplus would be a piece of dishonesty of which the Indian authorities would never be guilty. If the price of opium has risen, this may be part of a general rise in prices, and then, as the Government will have to pay more in many ways, it may be only gaining in one pocket to lose in another. If the crop has been unusually good, and thus there is more opium to sell, while through an increased Chinese demand prices do not fall, then and then only the surplus is a real surplus. But, if crops are good in one year, they may be bad in another, so that the surplus may only mean a temporary increase of revenue to be balanced by a succeeding decrease, and then, if the average income from opium is taken, there may be no real surplus.

But, if we suppose that these increased receipts from opium are a real gain to the Indian revenue, it is still to be asked whether this gain will show a budget with a surplus. It is probably from his uncertainty on this head that Lord CRANBROOK would not take the bold line taken last December, and refused to commit himself to the existence of a surplus. The receipts from the new taxes fell short of their estimated amount by 300,000*l.* Then the loss on exchange has been greater than was anticipated by a sum which Mr. FAWCETT puts at 500,000*l.* Further, we learn from Mr. FAWCETT that, apart from the war, there is an increase in the cost of the maintenance of the army of 330,000*l.* Add these figures together, and what becomes of the surplus? Lord CRANBROOK does not pretend to know, and outsiders can still less pretend to know. All that Lord CRANBROOK can confidently say, and it is what we can easily believe, is that there is no surplus applicable to the remission of the cotton duties. They must go on, although, so far as they are protective, it is highly desirable they should cease. If the people of India are prevented from buying good English articles at a lower price than they now pay for the products of Indian mills, this consequence of the duties is to be regretted, more for the sake of the consumer than for that of the English producer. But, although it may be true that the duties have in some degree a protective effect, it must not be assumed that the duties are the sole cause why English cotton goods are not more largely consumed in India. Lord CRANBROOK indicated one of these causes when he said that the Bombay manufacturers also were complaining of the impossibility of selling their goods because the famine had so impoverished the people that they could not afford to buy any cotton goods, whether made in India or abroad. Another cause of the assumed reluctance of the natives to buy English goods may be that these goods do not seem to them worth buying. The curious character of at least a portion of our Eastern trade was illustrated by a case reported last week, in which large damages were recovered because it was found that the goods, when delivered, were covered with a tar-like fungus which had grown on the calico in transit, and had found its origin in the queer ingredients used in sizing. The natives are quiet, unassuming people, but it is not strange that they should shrink from walking about in a calico wrap variegated with patches of a tar-like fungus.

#### LIBERAL STATESMEN ON EDUCATION.

ONE day in last week two leaders of the Liberal party had occasion to express their opinions on education. Mr. LOWE, in distributing prizes at a school, took occasion, as is his custom, to depreciate the training which has raised him to well-deserved eminence. He reserves for the Institute of Civil Engineers his annual statement that the members of the profession are the salt of the earth, partly because they make railroads, bridges, and steamboats, but principally because they have seldom had the opportunity of mastering Greek and Latin. Enthusiastic admiration of strangers and foreigners not unfrequently results from a desire to give pain to countrymen, to neighbours, and to kinsfolk. Mr. LOWE is anxious to convince his equals, and those who share his own pursuits, that he regards them and their studies with indifference and contempt. It is for the purpose of

rebuking the complacency of scholars that he expatiates on the incalculable superiority of engineers. In addressing a set of boys, Mr. LOWE was content to propound his paradoxes in a still cruder form. As they are not likely to regulate their practice by the counsels of a condescending visitor, his earnest protest against sound and accurate learning will probably have done neither good nor harm. On the single point of the importance of cultivating a love for reading Mr. LOWE's advice was practical and sound. It is well that a taste for books should be encouraged, though it may at first be exercised only on amusing stories. Many a student has been trained by novels to find pleasure in history, and generally in the gratification of intelligent curiosity. It is true that, as Mr. LOWE says, almost all kinds of knowledge are to be found in English books; but it is no argument against regular education that, when its advantages have not been enjoyed, the defect may be partially supplied in after life. As a reason for not acquiring grammatical knowledge of Greek, Mr. LOWE ironically recommended the study of Chinese, because the grammar of that language is still more difficult. His juvenile audience little knew that the ridicule of solid and accurate learning proceeded from one of the ripest of English scholars. A mathematician might with equal propriety amuse himself by contrasting the convenience of a surveyor's measuring-book with the severe and barren demonstrations of EUCLID.

Lord HARTINGTON, in his opening address as Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh, was under the disadvantage of not possessing any special knowledge of the theory or practice of education. Having been elected by a party majority of the boys of the University because he was Liberal leader of the House of Commons, he not injudiciously determined to make a political and even a party speech. As it seemed proper to say something about academic matters, Lord HARTINGTON devoted a few sentences to the expression of his preference for miscellaneous and professional instruction over severer intellectual discipline; but he would probably be the first to admit that he has not reflected profoundly on scholastic questions. The Scotch Universities require no caution against the exclusive pursuit of profound scholarship. No institutions in the world are better calculated to furnish a previously ill-trained body of students with a valuable smattering of knowledge; but Edinburgh and Glasgow have scarcely claims to the character of seats of learning. The professors indeed are, as a rule, accomplished masters of the subjects with which they are severally concerned; but they have little time or opportunity to train a succession of thorough scholars. Lord HARTINGTON's constituents were perhaps gratified by his recognition of the value of an education which is not of the highest order. Some of them may perhaps have been aware that the passage of the address which related to education was a mere digression from the general tenor of the discourse. If they had required a laborious exposition of the nature and uses of knowledge, they might have elected an eminent scholar or man of science. A politician and a candidate for high office was likely to be more instructive when he treated of the party politics which are the business of his life.

As it was necessary or proper to give a local colouring to Liberalism, Lord HARTINGTON, with much ingenuity, pronounced an elaborate eulogy on one of the most celebrated of former professors in the University. DUGALD STEWART's fame as a metaphysician has long since faded, though he is still known to students as a graceful writer on philosophy. Lord HARTINGTON dwelt not on his theories or on his method, but on his relation as a teacher to several eminent politicians of the last generation. It is certainly remarkable that he should have numbered among his pupils three Prime Ministers and some other statesmen of nearly equal rank. Lord LANSDOWNE, Lord PALMERSTON, Lord MELBOURNE, and Lord RUSSELL all attended his lectures, and probably all may have profited by his personal influence. Lord HARTINGTON may be fairly charged with mistake or exaggeration when he asserts that Lord MELVILLE's government of Scotland at the end of the last century "can only be compared with the most overbearing and 'insolent despotism of the Continent.' It is doubtful whether DUGALD STEWART assisted even indirectly in the establishment of a more Liberal system. Lord JOHN RUSSELL was born and died a Whig; and he would have been a Whig if he had never been within a hundred miles of Edinburgh. Lord LANSDOWNE was also a moderate Whig; Lord

MELBOURNE belonged in turn to both parties; Lord PALMERSTON was a Tory for the first twenty years of his public life, and he was at all times an implacable opponent of the Radical party. Lord HARTINGTON adds the names of BROUHAM and HORNER to the list of DUGALD STEWART's disciples in the principles of virtue and freedom. HORNER was a good man of moderate ability. BROUHAM possessed extraordinary powers, and he is not generally esteemed a model of virtue. Through these men, and by means of the *Edinburgh Review*, it seems that the warfare against Tory ascendancy began in the University, and continued across the Border. Whether opposition to Toryism is the proper function of a University is a question which Lord HARTINGTON omitted to raise. It oddly happens that he quotes PITTS, who then wielded and represented Tory ascendancy, as another proof of the beneficial influence of Scotch professors. It is true that PITTS maintained against FOX and SHERIDAN the doctrines of ADAM SMITH; and it might have been inferred that his possession of supreme power was not an unmixed misfortune to the country.

The dark days of Tory ascendancy which Lord HARTINGTON desires to dispel are not those of PITTS or of the despotic MELVILLE, but of Lord BEACONSFIELD and Lord SALISBURY. Having at the beginning of his speech formally admitted that political controversy was unsuitable to the occasion, Lord HARTINGTON quotes RUTHERFORD and BUCHANAN to prove that the king is not above the law, and that he holds his power from the people. "These doctrines bore fruit in the Revolution of 1688. For 'nearly two hundred years they have appeared to be 'firmly established.'" Exactly one hundred and ninety years after the Revolution, Lord BEACONSFIELD and his colleagues have, as Lord HARTINGTON implies, by bringing Indian troops to Malta, by concluding the Cyprus treaty, and by engaging in the Afghan war, declared that the king is above the law, and that he no longer derives power from the people. Whether the charge is well founded the students of Edinburgh University are perhaps scarcely competent to decide. Lord HARTINGTON, indeed, has no intention of consulting them, though he desires to possess their minds with the conclusions adopted by the Opposition. His defeated competitor, Mr. Cross, if he had been chosen by the students, might possibly have enunciated the opposite proposition, that the Government has done nothing inexpedient or unconstitutional. Perhaps it would be well that a Lord Rector should forget for the moment his political prejudices and interests, and condescend for the time to confine himself to philosophical issues. That young men, however ignorant, should hold political opinions with the positiveness of their age is unavoidable, and not wholly mischievous. The wisest of them afterwards reconsider their premature convictions, sometimes with the result of passing into the opposite camp. Those who profess to teach them should as far as possible confine themselves to doctrines which are beyond the sphere of ephemeral controversy. ARISTOTLE, if he is accurately quoted by HECTOR in *Troilus and Cressida*, held that young men were unfit to hear moral philosophy; but they are more likely to profit by ethical instruction than by a repetition of the discussions of more or less factious newspapers. If any of them are alarmed by Lord HARTINGTON's mysterious warnings, they may assure themselves that, if the QUEEN is above the law, her Ministers are subject to the law; and that the tenure of power from the people is a figure of speech which has not been rendered less appropriate by recent transactions. It is unlucky that, in a speech which was able and spirited if it was not wholly suited to the occasion, so temperate and judicious a politician as Lord HARTINGTON should have countenanced a newfangled error. His party is indebted to Mr. DUNCKLEY for the phrase and for the fiction of personal government; and as the charges against the QUEEN contained in the Manchester pamphlet were wholly untenable, Mr. GLADSTONE and others have since affected to apply to Lord BEACONSFIELD an accusation which is wholly unmeaning when it is brought against a subject. The QUEEN would have practised personal government, or, in the words of the old Scotch writer, she would have placed herself above the law, if she had not taken the advice of her Ministers. Having cordially supported a Government which was backed by a large Parliamentary majority, she is not liable to be condemned by the Edinburgh students.

#### THE GLASGOW BANK TRIAL.

THE end of the great trial which has awakened in Scotland so absorbing an interest, and which was so rich in instruction for all the trading community of England, has been that the manager and one of the directors have been sentenced to imprisonment for eighteen months, and the remaining directors have been sentenced to imprisonment for eight months. The result has not come up to the natural expectations of the public; but, in order to understand and criticize it, an accurate conception of the history of the trial and of the points left to the jury must be formed. When the directors were apprehended they were considered by their legal advisers entitled to be released on bail, and by the law of Scotland the amount that could be exacted by way of bail was ridiculously small. They were entitled to be so released because the only charge against them was that they had published false statements as to the position of the bank. But the Crown quickly preferred other charges of a much graver character, and accused them of embezzlement and theft. The alleged embezzlement consisted in their having appropriated the funds of the bank to their own personal use in the shape of unsecured loans, and the alleged theft consisted in their having raised money on bills entrusted to them for collection. Bail could under such charges be refused, and it was refused except in one instance. The Crown had got hold of the delinquents, and meant to keep them, and the impending trial seemed a very grave trial indeed. Here were men who had long held an honourable position charged with theft and embezzlement, and it might be expected that they would receive a punishment worthy of their crimes. But when the trial really began, it appeared that the Crown had no evidence on which to support the charges of theft and embezzlement. It appeared that some of the directors had had advances, but not advances of a kind that would not have been made to any other customers in equally good circumstances; and, although it may be unwise to lend the money of a bank to solvent directors, it is not in any way criminal. The alleged theft consisted in discounting before maturity bills entrusted to the bank for collection at due date. That is, the directors had been authorized to receive money on a particular day, crediting the account of the owner with the proceeds. They received the money before the day; and, had the bank not stopped, would have credited the accounts of the owners when the day of maturity arrived. As things turned out, the proceeding was adverse to the owners, for they could have demanded the bills themselves when the bank stopped had they remained in its keeping; whereas now they have merely a claim for the proceeds. But this was not technically theft, and it is difficult to believe that the officers of the Crown ever believed that the charge of theft had any foundation. With the accusation of embezzlement it was different. Unfavourable critics might assert that the charges of embezzlement and theft were invented by the Crown in order to deprive the prisoners of their right to demand release on bail, and to place an increased stigma on their characters. But it may be fairly said that the officers of the Crown, finding that some of the directors had received large advances, and it being obvious that the receipt of such advances by directors might, under some circumstances, amount to embezzlement, could not tell without prolonged inquiry what were the circumstances under which the advances had actually been made, and were therefore entitled to assume the worst, and see whether they could prove it.

Anyhow, when the charges of theft and embezzlement were withdrawn, the trial assumed a new aspect. The prisoners were only tried for falsifying accounts; and it so happened that, in the course of the trial, it became clear, and was conceded on all hands, that this falsification of accounts had been made not for the private purposes of the prisoners, but solely in order that the bank might be upheld. If the accounts had not been falsified, the bank must have stopped three years ago. It was not by the falsification of the accounts, but by bad banking, that the bank was broken, shareholders ruined, and customers and depositors sadly inconvenienced. The only difference between the bank stopping three years ago and the bank stopping last October was that the loss fell in some measure on a different set of people. Those who three years ago held shares and have since parted with them, and depositors and customers who then had money in the bank

and have since withdrawn it, have gained by the bank going on, and those who took their place have lost. Further it must be observed that, as the LORD JUSTICE CLERK directed the jury, there was a chance, a ground of hope which directors might really entertain, that, if times improved, the bank, by going on, might so far recover its position that it need never stop at all. But it could not go on unless the accounts were falsified; for, if the truth had been known, the credit, and therefore the existence, of the bank would have been at an end. The directors did falsify the accounts, and the bank went on; and as they knew that the accounts were falsified, and meant them to be falsified in order to secure an object which they thought a good object, they committed a legal as well as a moral crime, and defrauded those who bought shares or lodged money after the falsification began. But it is important to notice in what this falsification of accounts consisted. In the first place, there was the creation of fictitious entries. This especially applied to two sums. One, amounting to little less than a million sterling, was invented in order to be set against the liabilities of the bank. The object of inventing it was to make the liabilities seem less than they were. The fictitious sum was set against the liabilities, and, the liabilities being thus diminished, only the balance was given. The other sum amounted to about three-quarters of a million, and its details were so manipulated that the bank appeared to hold good securities, and especially gold against notes, which it did not hold. The creation of the fictitious million was the work in 1873 of a person now dead; but one director, POTTER, and the manager must, after the finding of the jury, be taken to have known that this entry was fictitious, and they must also be taken to have concocted the manipulation of the second sum by which it assumed its fictitious character. The other directors, as the LORD JUSTICE CLERK directed the jury, knew nothing of the true nature of these sums, and had no part in making or adopting fictitious entries. Their falsification of accounts was of a different nature. But POTTER and STRONACH were guilty, not merely of presenting the condition of the bank in a general way as better than it was, but of fraudulently devising positive misstatements as to special matters of fact. The LORD JUSTICE CLERK had informed the jury that the alleged crime was one involving very heavy penalties, and after hearing this, and hearing the Judge sum up strongly against them, and finding the jury unanimous in pronouncing them guilty, POTTER and STRONACH must have thought themselves the luckiest of men when they discovered that they were merely to be kept in prison for a year and a half.

The falsification of accounts with which the remaining directors were charged was this and only this. They had represented the bank as earning a profit when it was not really earning a profit. The interest which their principal debtors ought to have paid them was treated as if it had been actually paid. If interest is owing by a solvent firm, it is usually and properly taken into account in estimating profits, and, in point of fact, sums had been paid by some of these debtors which went in reduction of what was due for interest. The balance-sheet as submitted to the Board showed a certain sum as profit, and it was in this respect an accurate transcript of the books. As a general rule, the LORD JUSTICE CLERK laid down that if a director who finds a sum stated by the officials who have charge of the books to be the amount of profit treats it as profit, he is not criminally responsible, although it is not really profit. It is not his business to go behind the books. But he may have received notice of the facts which would divest the sum of its assumed character. The duty may be cast on directors of challenging statements as to profits. This was what happened in the case of the directors of the Glasgow Bank. At a particular epoch the character of the advances to the principal debtors was brought to their special notice. They knew that these debtors owed the bank four millions sterling, and that little or no interest was being paid on it. They were seriously frightened, and made some feeble attempts to put these accounts on a better footing. Otherwise they did nothing. When the balance-sheets were submitted to them they simply asked no questions. They did not inquire how it could be that the profits were so large when so much capital was lying idle. In one case it was even shown that the director in question had not seen the balance-sheets before they were issued to the public. The other

directors did nothing, but he did not even place himself in a position to do anything at the time. The question for the jury was, therefore, whether these directors had been affected with a general liability to do something, or to place themselves in a position to do something—that is, to inquire into the mode in which the profits were calculated, in view of the nature of the accounts of the principal debtors. Nor was even this enough. The neglect of such a duty might form the ground of a civil action; but in order to be a crime it must arise from the wish to impose on the public. What, therefore, these directors were accused of was that they had forborne to ask questions which they knew that they ought to have asked, and that they had so forborne with the express intention of deceiving the public. The summing-up of the Judge, although strictly impartial, might be taken to show that he was not at all clear as to their guilt in this sense. A majority, but only a majority, of the jury found them guilty. It is impossible not to suspect that, with an English jury, they, or at least some of them, would have been acquitted; and their very light punishment may perhaps reflect the faintness of the conviction of the Judge as to their guilt. They grossly neglected their duty; they were more of dummies than ornamental directors usually are; they let the bank go on with a false basis. But these were not the things for which they were tried. They were tried for consciously, and with a distinct fraudulent intent, forbearing to ask questions which they knew they ought to ask; and, without in any way impugning the verdict of a jury, it may be believed that the minority who disagreed had what seemed to them strong reasons for thinking that this particular form of guilt had not been brought home to the poor bewildered indolent dummies who stood before them.

#### THE LIBERAL CATHOLIC PARTY IN FRANCE.

THE half-century which has nearly passed since the French Catholics first contended for freedom of education against the University promises to close with matters very much in the state in which it saw them at the beginning. There can be little doubt that one of the measures of the new French Ministry will be to repeal the law regulating University degrees which was passed by the National Assembly; and it is exceedingly probable that the reaction will not stop at this point. The one question upon which all sections of the Left seem able to unite is the religious question; and the influence of the Church in education is so great that nothing but a love of liberty for its own sake, which unfortunately few Continental Liberals possess, can prevent the opponents of the Church from subjecting that influence to serious restraints. Probably it will not be long before the old struggle will again begin. The Church has been so long accustomed to have things her own way, that she hardly realizes what it will be to be deprived, not only of power, but of freedom. As yet indeed the Education laws which are in the air alike in France and in Belgium purport only to deprive the clergy of the vantage-ground in educational matters which they have hitherto enjoyed. It is possible, of course, that the secularist party in those two countries may themselves have learnt moderation from experience, and may propose to be content with leaving the Church and the State to contend on equal terms—equal, that is, so far as the word can be used when the one combatant has the means of raising money by legal process, while the other has only voluntary benevolence to appeal to. The whole drift of Continental Liberalism suggests, however, a different conclusion. As soon as it is discovered that, when the State and the Church meet on equal terms as candidates for the function of teaching, the Church is in the end the favourite, it will probably be found necessary to ensure that she shall start weighted in the race. Freedom to educate your children as you like is an admirable cry when it is the Church that is withholding this freedom. But when the Church is availing herself of it, the Continental Liberal begins to ask himself whether the formula has not served its purpose, and whether the moment has not come for applying obscurantist methods to the suppression of obscurantist opinions. It will be surprising if by and by this doctrine does not for a time prevail. As regards the political prospects of Catholicism in Europe, things seem on the whole likely to be worse before they are better.

Catholics would have a better claim to sympathy in this matter if they had not in a great measure themselves to thank for the reverses which threaten to overtake them. The history of the education question in France is mixed up with the history of the Liberal Catholic party in that country. That history may be read to great advantage in a paper on Bishop DUPANLOUP which appears in the *Nineteenth Century* for this month. "C. DE WARMONT" is a name unknown to literature; but the wide acquaintance with that least known part of history, the period immediately before our own day, and the acute appreciation of the political issues involved in the controversies with which that period was occupied, displayed in the article suggest that we may become better acquainted with it by and by. Nothing can be more melancholy than the retrospect of the part which the Liberal Catholic party played from the day when, after twenty years of conflict, it carried the FALLOUX law to the day when Count FALLOUX raised his voice against the identification of religion with the counter revolution without meeting a single response. "Disowned by PIUS IX., abandoned by its own followers, overtaken by the events of the time, that whole school of thought has ceased to exist; and if the present generation are reminded of it, it is only by the insolence of its enemies." It is true that by its death it will have dealt a heavier blow at its adversaries than it was ever able to deal during its life. Whatever may be the misfortunes in store for Catholicism in France, they will be traceable to its identification with the aims and the machinery of despotism. It is because there are no longer Liberal Catholics that the conflict between Catholicism and the State is apparently about to be fought over again. The Ultramontanes crushed Liberal Catholicism because it proposed to be prudent in the hour of victory, not to bear hardly upon beaten enemies, and not to deny to others the liberty which it claimed for itself. There was not one of these characteristics which the Ultramontanes did not reject with scorn. They refused to believe that any political resurrection could be in store for the foes they had slain; they gave no quarter; and they thought no freedom worth having which did not include freedom of oppression. The spirit which was conspicuous in Rome in 1870 had shown itself in France in 1844, when Archbishop AFFRE condemned the unchristian manner in which Catholic journalists were defending Christianity; in 1849, when M. VEUILLOT condemned the FALLOUX Education Bill as a compromise, and proclaimed that, as every compromise contains in itself the seed of future dissension, it would be better to reject the Bill and to continue the contest; and in 1850 when Archbishop Sisour declared that M. VEUILLOT was insulting bishops and priests under pretence of avenging the Holy See. Three years later M. VEUILLOT was recognized by PIUS IX. as a chosen soldier of the Church, and Archbishop Sisour had to retract his condemnation of the *Univers*. From that time forward things grew worse and worse. The old liturgies were replaced by the Roman, the old text-books gave way to the latest glosses of Ultramontanism, the ecclesiastical seminaries were remodelled to ensure a steady supply of Ultramontane clergy. Those members of the Episcopate who endeavoured to do their duty in the ways to which they had been accustomed were severely taken to task by the Roman authorities. "Religious liberty and toleration were daily declared to be the worst of evils, and the most exorbitant pretensions were revived." If the Liberal Catholics had been able to achieve their object none of these excesses would have been committed, and Catholicism in France would not have laid up for itself that store of hatred which is now apparently about to be unlocked. When the Ultramontanes reduced the Liberal Catholics to silence, they hushed the only voices that could have pleaded in the hour of the anti-Catholic victory that the Church had at least done unto others as she wished others to do unto her. When GUIZOT was in office, DUPANLOUP could declare without inconsistency that if by the spirit of the French Revolution were meant free institutions, or liberty of conscience, or political, civil, individual liberty—liberty of opinion, of education, and of the family—Catholics likewise desired all these things, and demanded them for themselves and for others. No French bishop would be able to make that declaration now. It would be felt that, if Catholics still desired these things for themselves, their whole efforts have for years been devoted to withholding them from others.

Unfortunately the career of the Liberal Catholic party in France is not one which those who realize how much there was that was excellent in their intentions and actions can regard with solid satisfaction. The article which has suggested these observations brings this out very clearly. The danger of the Liberal Catholic position, says the writer, "arose far less from opposition to the Ultramontane school than from those questions upon which they stood on more or less common ground with it." It was not the blows they received, but the concessions which they made, that brought them to ruin. They were quite as anxious as their adversaries to retain the approbation of the POPE, and the approbation of the POPE could be retained by nothing short of absolute submission. From 1856 to 1870 the *Correspondant* was directed by DUPANLOUP, MONTALEMBERT, COCHIN, Count FALLOUX, and the present Duke of BROGLIE. During the whole of this time the controversy regarding the Temporal Power was going on, and from first to last the attitude of the party on that question was in direct opposition to their own principles. With the exception of LACORDAIRE, the Liberal Catholics "sacrificed to this darling idea of PIUS IX. one position after another. They approved . . . at Rome what they condemned at Naples, and refused to the Romans what they demanded for the Poles." And what was their reward? The misfortune to avert which they sacrificed their convictions on the Roman question fell on them just as soon and just as severely. The Syllabus was universally regarded as a condemnation launched at the friends whom PIUS IX. distrusted almost as much as at the enemies whom he detested; the gallant resistance which DUPANLOUP and Archbishop DARDY offered to the proclamation of infallibility was utterly ineffectual; and when MONTALEMBERT died the POPE could find nothing better to say of the man whose life had been spent in defending the interests of Catholicism in Europe than that he was "only half a Catholic." That, with all the merits of individual members of the party, there was something unsound at the core of Liberal Catholicism in France, has been shown by the political apostasy of two of its chief ornaments. It is a strange ending to the career of DUPANLOUP, a strange incident in the career of the Duke of BROGLIE, that the men who twenty years before had taken part in the conduct of a Liberal journal should have been united in the direction of the 16th of May. The writer of the article in the *Nineteenth Century* may well say that the Liberal Catholics perished because "under the pressure of circumstances they lowered their standard." Some of the greatest among them were, happily for themselves, taken away before this last temptation was presented to them. It would have been well for DUPANLOUP's fame if he, too, had died before his indefatigable activity had been wasted on an enterprise which contradicted the whole promise of his earlier life, and condemned the cause which he so ardently desired to serve to languish, perhaps for more years than it would be safe to predict, under the blows of an inevitable reaction.

#### THE HOME RULERS.

THE proceedings at the meeting of the Home Rule League in Dublin last Tuesday are, on the whole, encouraging. Even the violent resolutions for which Mr. DILLON vainly endeavoured to obtain consideration indicate that the passion for Home Rule is beginning to decay. A good number of Irishmen are no doubt anxious to obtain it; but the motive of their desire is not so much the wish to get Home Rule for its own sake, as to get it for the sake of sundry other things which they hope to get by means of Home Rule. The gist of Mr. DILLON's resolution was that the Home Rule party in Parliament should immediately commence a vigorous course of action, not to obtain an independent Legislature for Ireland, but to induce the Imperial Parliament to do certain things for Ireland. Mr. DILLON's idea of Home Rule seems to be that, provided the Irish members can secure measures protecting Irish tenant-farmers from rack-renting and eviction, and can do away with the Irish Constabulary, it does not much matter whether they sit in London or in Dublin. It was explained to him several times over that the object of the Home Rule League was to establish a national Parliament for Ireland, and that, until the rules were altered, nothing not directly bearing on that object could be discussed at the meetings of the League. Mr. DILLON evidently re-

garded this in the light of a logical subtlety in which no genuine Irishman could acquiesce; but though his reading of the objects and rules of the Society differed from that adopted by the chairman, he did not persist in pressing it on the meeting. Probably Mr. DILLON is the spokesman of a considerable section of the Irish people, and, if so, it seems likely that for the future more attention will be paid than heretofore to the solid pudding which the Home Rulers are prepared to ask for in the shape of Irish measures, and less to the obstructions they throw in the way of English measures. Mr. PARNELL and Mr. BIGGAR may be trusted to note the meaning of this change. Wedded as they may be to the policy in which they have earned such exceptional distinction, they have naturally no desire to pursue it, if to do so will put their seats in peril. Obstruction is a game which cannot be played except in the House of Commons, and it would be of no avail to play it with such uncalculating devotion as would result in turning the players out of the field. If the Irish Home Rule constituencies share Mr. DILLON's views, it will be to no purpose that Mr. PARNELL recounts his journeys into the lobby, or that Mr. BIGGAR reckons the hours that he kept Saxon members out of their beds. They will be asked, not what they did not allow English members to do for England, but what they persuaded English members to do for Ireland. Even this prospect is not without its dark side, for the measures which will approve themselves to Home Rulers will seldom be such as it is possible for Parliament to accept. But it is better to spend time in discussing impracticable Bills than in dividing on endless motions for adjournment, and to this extent the change of purpose evidenced in Mr. DILLON's resolution promises to yield some fruit.

When Mr. DILLON had at last been got out of the way the business of the evening began. The attack on Mr. BUTT ingeniously took the shape of a quotation from one of his own speeches. In November 1873 Mr. BUTT had said that the more Irish members kept aloof from private communications with English members and English parties the better it would be for Ireland. Since that time, the mover implied, Mr. BUTT's conduct has completely changed. Instead of proclaiming inexorable hostility to the English Government, he is in constant communication with them. The war between the Irish nation and the English Parliament which he then declared to be eternal has given place to a truce. Mr. BUTT very often does not go over to England at all, and when he does go he does nothing to make English people uncomfortable. Mr. BUTT's answer was to the effect that he declines to be bound by this narrow interpretation of words spoken more than five years ago. He is willing to deal with any Ministry for the good of Ireland. Indeed, he modestly hinted, it was rather that Ministers had dealt with him than that he had dealt with them, and if there had been none of the communications to which the resolution objected, the Intermediate Education Act would never have been passed in its present shape. If his strategy had not been as successful in other respects, that was the result of the miserable divisions which a policy of obstruction had introduced among Irishmen. If those divisions are to continue, it is of no use for him to remain the nominal ruler of a party which rejects his counsels. If the Home Rulers are guided by him, they will return members who will keep in view the necessity of conciliation, and who will force Englishmen to acknowledge that they are capable of administering constitutional government at Westminster, and consequently that they would be equally capable of administering it at Dublin.

The difference between Mr. BUTT and the obstructives is obviously too vital to be bridged over, and Mr. PARNELL apparently did not think it worth while to answer his leader's speech at any length. His real reply was to vote for the resolution which Mr. BUTT had accepted as a censure on his policy, and in this Mr. PARNELL found twenty-three members of the League to support him as against thirty-one who supported Mr. BUTT. Whether this division can be accepted as at all indicative of the extent to which the opposition to Mr. BUTT prevails in the Home Rule party we do not know; but the change of tone of which Mr. DILLON's speech was an indication hardly points to this conclusion. If Irishmen want to get this or that particular thing out of the Government, they will undoubtedly find Mr. BUTT a more useful leader than Mr. PARNELL. The slightest association of an Irish Bill with obstruction or obstructives is sufficient to make its adoption hopeless; whereas when Mr. BUTT has charge of a Bill, there is usually a disposition to

show it at least courtesy, in order to mark the readiness of the House of Commons to distinguish between legitimate and illegitimate methods of Parliamentary warfare. The resolutions actually adopted were little more than formal. They advise additional activity on the part of the League, vigorous organization of the constituencies, and diligent attendance in Parliament on the part of the members. These counsels are but commonplaces which can be equally accepted by both sections of the League. The strictly personal object with which the meeting had been called together was clearly shown by the colourless character even of the motion on which the decisive division was taken. The purpose of the meeting was to choose between men rather than between measures, and anything which had enabled those present to show their preference either for Mr. PARNELL or for Mr. BUTT would have answered that purpose equally well.

It is at all events certain that the Irish constituencies will have the issue between the two leaders very plainly set before them at the general election. As yet there has never been any means of ascertaining to what extent the Irish electorate have approved the tactics of the obstructives. They may have been only amused by them, and have regarded Mr. PARNELL and Mr. BIGGAR rather as good jokes than as serious politicians. That section of the nation which is ill disposed towards the Imperial Parliament would naturally be pleased to see the House of Commons reduced to the necessity of walking in and out of the lobby half-a-dozen times an hour at the bidding of an Irish member rather than see the despatch of public business brought altogether to a stand. Now, however, that this ennobling sensation has grown a little stale, it is possible that the electors may ask themselves what their representatives expect to gain by humbling the House of Commons afresh. If once this question is seriously raised, it is hardly possible but that Mr. BUTT's arguments should have some weight. Mr. PARNELL's policy cannot be expected to reap in the future any successes different in kind from those which it has already reaped in the past. Are those successes such as are calculated in themselves, and with no chance of their leading to anything further, to give Ireland an independent Legislature? At all events, is it so certain that they are calculated to do this as to induce any considerable section of the Home Rule electors to desert a leader in whom they have hitherto placed so much confidence as they have placed in Mr. BUTT, on the chance, whatever it is, of sharing Mr. PARNELL's triumphs? These are the questions which the Irish constituencies will have to answer, and for their own sake, rather than for ours, it is to be hoped that they will answer them in Mr. BUTT's sense, and not in Mr. PARNELL's. Parliament can deal with obstruction if it is driven to do so, and no reinforcement that Mr. PARNELL is likely to bring to Westminster need give us any uneasiness on that score. But, if it has to be dealt with in this fashion, a feeling about Ireland will undoubtedly grow up on both sides of the House which will make it difficult to obtain a hearing even for the most legitimate Irish demands. It is because we have no wish to see Irish Bills either passed or rejected in this temper that as against Mr. PARNELL we wish success to Mr. BUTT.

#### THE POPULAR JUDGMENT IN POETRY.

WHEN amateur essays in magazines were called *Symposia*, some distinguished persons discussed the worth of the popular judgment in politics. The worth of the popular judgment in poetry is perhaps at least as difficult to estimate. To many critics, of opposite views, the thing seems perfectly easy. We have the theorist who declares that the judgment of the populace is instinctive, and absolutely correct. The people, he cries, never makes a mistake. Your cultivated poets, with their fine-spun notions and "alembicated" manner, are mere triflers, whom the true public will never listen to for a moment. Give us Burns, Shakspeare, Scott, and we are content. Minor poets are intolerable prigs, and in short the modern Philistine says, with the Alexandrian Philistine of two thousand years ago, "*τὰς μάντειούς Οὐμπος*—the fine old favourites are enough for all the world." On the opposite side the superfine critic, who is often also an unpopular poet, frequently makes himself heard. He maintains that the populace is utterly incapable of judging poetry. If a man has a doubt in his own mind on a question of taste, he consults another person of letters, another trained judge; he does not go into the highways and byways and inquire of the vagrants. He does not walk into his grocer's shop and say, "Mr. Brown, I have a high opinion of the instinctive taste of the people. Will you kindly

desist from your useful business for a moment, and grant me your attention while I read this little rondel of Mr. Frothingham's?" From the point of view of the literary exquisite, he and his peers are the judges, and nothing is so bad a sign of a poet as success and popular appreciation.

It is impossible to get the rough-and-ready man and the dainty man to agree; but really great difficulties attend both their theories. If one could enter into a dialectical discussion with the first speaker, with him who stands up sturdily for the popular judgment, we might easily perplex him a good deal. In the first place, he will probably find that he has to do what he detests doing—that he has to take distinctions. He cannot maintain that what he thinks is a universal rule as far as poetry is concerned is a universal rule about the other arts. And he will have to define rather strictly the meaning of the words "popular" and "populace." What the populace like in painting we know very well, and we know that it is not the best, the most permanent, sort of painting. They like the "Derby Day" and the coloured designs in illustrated newspapers; they like Munich glass in church windows, and they are fond of chromo-lithographs. It must be admitted that in this matter the popular taste is not good, and it will also be allowed that the "Derby Day" and chromo-lithographs do not correspond to the poetry of Mr. Tennyson, the battle-lyrics of Campbell, and other verses which are undeniably at once popular and admirable. If we look at music, the difficulty is the same. The strains of the Great Cad, and the battle-lyrics of Mr. Macdermott, are truly popular; yet we know "better than prophets" that they will not stand the test of time. In the same way it is unlikely that the verdict of the ages will prefer the Albert Memorial to the Elgin Marbles, and yet there can be no doubt that the populace is much better pleased with the Albert Memorial. If the truth of what has been said is admitted, it will follow either that poetry differs very much from all the other arts, so that the popular judgment about it is valuable, whereas in painting, music, and sculpture it is valueless; or it will appear that the word "populace" has more senses than one. What do we mean when we say that this or that poem is popular? Do we mean that it pleases the people who flock in their millions to music-halls? Or do we mean that it charms that comparatively small public which in each age really cares for poetry? The fact is, that poetry which is "popular," and runs through several editions, and gets itself quoted in the papers, does not exactly appeal either to the friends of music-halls and the admirers of the "Derby Day" or yet to the public which really and intelligently cares for verse. It owes its success to another class, which has one foot in the land of the music-hall populace and the other in the territory of true, though plain, lovers of song. Poetry which has an instant success owes its triumph to the people who buy books to give away as presents. Prose does not make up into such neat little volumes as poetry. Prose has not the sentiment which a present ought to convey. Yet of course it is not every pretty little book of verse that reaches the gift-giving class—very far from it indeed. The amusing lyrists who made a grocer give his daughter Mr. Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads*, with the remark, "If she knows what all this means she must be wiser than her pa," went a little too far. The grocer might have selected this inappropriate gift, but he was far more likely to pick up a volume with a decorated cover, or one which clearly contained religious and didactic matter.

The popularity, then, of a new poem (in the sense in which popularity is short-lived and no test of skill) is decided partly by accident, partly by the presence of domestic verses and pathetic pieces about barrel-organ boys and their well-merited misfortunes. There would be no difficulty in proving that the kind of popularity to which we refer is secured, not by the strong but by the weaker parts of really excellent works. Mr. Tennyson would have had to wait far longer for the approval which he deserved if he had not written "The May Queen," and "The Miller's Daughter," and "Lady Clara Vere de Vere." These at once attracted the gift-buying public, and brought their opinion into harmony with that which had long been held by a small set of critics. It is clear that a judgment of this sort may often be absolutely wrong. The future will make short work with many a poet whom the public applauds, as the present has made short work with Robert Montgomery and Mr. Tupper. It by no means follows that the future will applaud any given poet who is now vainly pining for recognition. There are examples—Shelley is the most famous—of men whom their age neglected or insulted, and whom posterity delights to honour. In "Shelley's case," however, it must be remembered, first, that his poetry was not judged on its merits; next, that it is not, and perhaps never will be, "popular." In his lifetime the poet affronted society, and the representatives of society in the press affronted the poet. None but a fearfully conceited young man of to-day can explain his own literary unpopularity by the intolerance of society. The days when Keats was condemned offhand because he lived near London and knew Leigh Hunt are far away in the past. Nay, a venturesome youth who held original ideas about the table of prohibited degrees might leap into a kind of popularity by mere dint of being shocking. So many critics are looking out for a new poet, as old ladies sometimes look out for a young beauty to introduce to society, that merit is not likely to be long concealed. Thus a disappointed bard must either make up his mind that there is nothing very striking in his genius, or he must say to himself that it is too striking, and that the public never appreciates originality. What we, on the other hand, wish to prove is that there exists a popularity which is merely accidental and transitory, and a popularity which is perhaps the only real test of poetic excellence.

The critic who says that the "public knows nothing about poetry" is like the believers in patent religions, who call a little group of thirty or forty odd people "the Church." Yet, just as the number of the names in the Church was once about seventy, so there really have been periods when poetic cliques were in the right *contra mundum*. It is this which gives the exquisite, the dandy among critics, a kind of excuse and justification, which is all that he needs. Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge, Keats, were certainly in the right about poetry, and the public which neither bought nor read their works was, as certainly, to some extent in the wrong. Yet the almost instant approval which was given to the works of Byron and of Scott (both of them as strange, as novel, as original in their way as Coleridge or Wordsworth), shows that the populace often does know what it is about. One must ask the theorist who believes in himself, and in his set alone, whether, on a calculation of the odds, he is likely to be on the winning side? It is not an easy calculation to make, and he may so make it as to confirm himself in his conceit. The truth will always lie between him and the man who decides everything by the popular applause of the hour, and by the number of editions which a publisher advertises that he has sold.

Taking the word "popularity" in the rather restricted sense which we have given it, taking it to mean the judgment of the vast majority of people in whose life poetry has any conscious part, it is almost a truism that popularity is the touchstone of merit. In dramatic poetry this will scarcely be denied by the most exquisite of the people who have failed. Shakespeare, the three Greek tragedians, and Molière are plainly in a different class from all other dramatic writers, and, just as plainly, they are and have been the most popular. In all the long and illustrious roll-call of poets there is not perhaps one great name which had to wait thirty years for its renown, for its reward of the widest acceptance. Much as the taste of men varies about the verses of the day, about poetry which is removed from our petty spites and prejudices, the verdict of all who read is practically unanimous. The qualities of true poetry are thus proved to be widely human, its subjects to be normal and necessary passions and common situations. This alone seems to prove, by the vast induction of historical experience, that the popular taste of the hour chances to be rightly guided when it rejects the scented poetry of the boudoir and the fantasies of the studio. These have their merit, as *bric-a-brac* has its merit, and little more. It does not follow that the popular approval of the moment means more than does the general amusement provided by the *Pink Dominoes*, or the vogue of the moving tract which has a wide circulation in evangelical society.

The accidents that give or defer popularity have been so many and perplexing that they ought not perhaps to encourage or to depress any adventurer in poetry unduly. He who catches the applause of the hour may at least say to himself, "There is something good in this," for every success has its reason, and is justified by some quality. Mere badness never yet gave wide pleasure, whatever writers who do not give pleasure at all may comfort themselves by supposing. Again, the artist in verse who fails, who only gets a good word from his friends and acquaintances, need neither despair nor think himself a neglected genius. The odds are immense that he has not drawn the *gros lot* in the lottery of talent, but he may try another chance. Cases like that of Balzac, who was informed that he might be anything but a man of letters, seem to be provided "that none may despair," while their extreme rarity warns us that none should too presumptuously hope.

There is a sense in which the populace is a judge of poetry. The popular lays that the country peoples of Europe have orally preserved, through ages which we cannot attempt to number, show that a natural and unspoiled people instinctively knows what is good, and retains it in secular possession. Unfortunately this quality seems to be lost under the influence of trade and of primary education. We must still wonder, on the occasion of each popular success, whether it is the success of Byron or of Robert Montgomery. We must still pause in the face of each aesthetic failure, and ask is this the failure of Wordsworth or of—but it would be cruel to name names in this connexion.

#### ETNA.

A WORK on this mountain by Mr. G. F. Rodwell, the Science Master at Marlborough College, lately published by Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co., certainly fills a gap in the traveller's library. Voluminous as is the literature concerning Etna to which the learned of England, France, Germany, and Italy have contributed, there was not, until Mr. Rodwell's volume appeared, any English book giving in a popular form a description and history of this great volcano. Scientific memoirs there were, and there was also a well-written account of the mountain by a traveller of the last century; but the majority of readers care little for purely scientific writings, and many eruptions of Etna have occurred and a greatly increased knowledge of the volcano has been gained since 1776, when the work referred to appeared. Such a book as Mr. Rodwell's may therefore almost be said to have been wanted; for, besides those who have visited Sicily, there must be many who, without being inclined to hunt up information in numerous volumes difficult of access, will be glad to know something of the most famous mountain in the world. This may seem an exaggerated expression when applied to Etna, but it will scarcely be deemed so by any one who remembers the attention which the volcano has attracted

from the earliest times, or who has any idea of the mass of literature of which it is the subject. Mountains possessing active craters have usually a title to fame very similar to that of some celebrated men. They have generally destroyed a great amount of life and property. Etna has not been wanting in this respect, having done a vast deal of mischief at times, and on one memorable occasion having, it is said, destroyed fifty towns and sixty or seventy thousand human beings. It was natural that a volcano capable of doing such harm should have been thought well worthy of men's notice, and a great deal of notice has certainly been given to Etna, concerning which there has been, in early days much legend, in later ones an infinite amount of elaborate disquisition.

It is to this latter that we propose now to draw attention; for it is scarcely necessary to point out how ancient the first records of the mountain are, or how often it is mentioned in the classical writers. Most people who are likely to feel the smallest interest in the subject know that Etna was described by Strabo, that there are notices of it by many others, and that its summit is said to have been sought by the greatest of Greek philosophers and one of the greatest of Roman Emperors. The curious poem in which an attempt is made to give something like a scientific explanation of the volcanic phenomena does not perhaps come within the range of ordinary classical reading, but is abundantly well known, and has been the subject of a considerable amount of controversy. Of the fame of Etna amongst the ancients there is then no occasion to speak. What is less known and appreciated is the immense amount of attention which has been given to the mountain in comparatively modern times, and the strange devotion with which the mass of lava and ashes seems to have inspired some enthusiastic observers. One of the best chapters in Mr. Rodwell's clear and simply-written book is that in which he gives a short account of what may be called the literature of Etna; and probably there are few readers who will not be astonished at the amount and weight of the writings he mentions which describe the examination of the mountain that has been carried on during a period not far short of three centuries. So long ago as 1591 Etna was made the subject of a book which, according to the fashion of the day, was written in Latin. This work was an account of the volcano and of its eruptions by Filoteo, a Sicilian who a very long time before his work appeared had descended into the crater, and had witnessed the great outpour of lava in 1536. In the next century Etna and its eruptions were described by a considerable number of writers, amongst whom were some attentive observers, some men of considerable acquirements, and an English ambassador, who condescended to pen "A true and exact relation of the late prodigious earthquake and eruption of Mount Etna or Monte Gibello," at which he was, according to Mr. Rodwell's account, not a little frightened. In the same year, when the outburst to which this description related occurred, the first map of the mountain was published. It could hardly be expected that this would be very accurate, and Mr. Rodwell, who has inspected a copy of it, which is to be found in the Paris Library, is inclined to think that it must have been drawn from description, or altogether from the imagination, as he says that "it is utterly unlike the mountain, an impossible steepness being given to the sides." This seems a fatal objection to the map or drawing; but it must be remembered that until very lately artists and draughtsmen have rarely been able to resist the temptation to exaggerate greatly the steepness of the sides of mountains.

Many were the writers who treated of Etna during the eighteenth century, the principal among them being Sir W. Hamilton, the Abate Ferrara, and Brydone, an early and excellent representative of the class of humorous travellers to which, since his time, so many people have unfortunately desired to belong. In one respect he resembled certain of his successors, for he occasionally sinned both against good feeling and good taste; but his work had some value, as he was a careful observer and possessed some literary power. The like cannot be said of the companion of one of his expeditions, the Canon Recupero, of whose enormous History of Etna, published long after his death, Mr. Rodwell speaks with a little of that horror which is felt by compilers who have had to toil through pages unread of all the world besides. After the days of Brydone and Recupero, in the early part of the present century, the late Admiral Smyth, an officer of great scientific accomplishments, determined the position and height of the volcano, which, before, during, and after the time when he was thus employed, was examined and observed by three brothers—the Gemellaros of Catania—with a patient and long-continued devotion which has assuredly never been shown to any other mountain. The most remarkable of the three was Carlo Gemellaro, who laboured at his beloved volcano for forty years, and to whom its eruptions seem almost to have endeared it. Mr. Rodwell, who has given attention to the writings of this observer, which are for the most part contained in the not very accessible *Atti dell' Accademia Gioenia* of Catania, is apparently of opinion that they have considerable merit. The work of Carlo Gemellaro and of his two brothers has however attracted, naturally enough, but little notice compared with that of the very distinguished scientific men who have studied and written on Etna. Elie de Beaumont made a minute examination of the mountain, and subsequently described it. Abich, who afterwards wrote so valuable a work on the geology of the Caucasus, visited Etna and contributed to the scientific knowledge of the volcano. Sir Charles Lyell gave the fruit of his careful observation in the well-known chapters of his great work; and Baron von Waltershausen, after

six years of labour, produced a most elaborate map of the mountain, which probably, at the time when it was finished, was almost perfect. But unfortunately the incessant activity of a volcano which sometimes changes the face of a country in a manner so very unpleasant for those who inhabit it, also nullifies to a certain extent the labours of the map-maker, and since Von Waltershausen's map was made there have been several eruptions of Etna, so that his work is now in some respects obsolete. The volcano seems, however, to have a wonderful power of stimulating industry, and another map has since been made. Scientific examination also continues, for Mr. Rodwell states that Signor Silvestri, Professor of Chemistry at the University of Catania, who has for long been studying the mountain minutely, has recently enjoyed the unspeakable pleasure of discovering a new kind of mineral oil, the existence of which in its lavas was previously unknown.

Down to our own days, therefore, Etna has been observed and studied with the closest attention, and the title of the most famous mountain in the world may well be claimed for it, as probably about no other has so much been said. Readers will therefore be grateful to Mr. Rodwell for giving them very clearly and in a small compass a great deal of information respecting this much-observed volcano, which, without his aid, they would have no small difficulty in obtaining; but in one respect some disappointment will perhaps be felt. It may naturally be expected that a great increase to knowledge has been the result of all this work by highly competent men; but on this point Mr. Rodwell's statements are not so definite as could be wished. A minute knowledge of the mountain has been obtained by the investigations which have extended over so long a period of time; but it is not easy to discover that any large advance in understanding the operations of nature has been due to them. As need hardly be said, geologists are not agreed as to the manner in which a volcano is formed; and, after all the labour which has been bestowed on Etna, we find that Sir Charles Lyell holds one view, other men of almost equal celebrity another, so that the outside world which wishes to be instructed is left in bewilderment. The attempts which have been made to get some idea of the age of Etna by ascertaining the thickness of the matter added during the historical period to mountains, and comparing this with the thickness of the beds of old lava and scoriae, seem to have had little success. The last-named geologist states that "the successive envelopes of lava and scoriae are not continuous, like the layers of wood in a tree, and afford no continuous measure of the time," and the only conclusion arrived at is the somewhat vague one that it is impossible not "to form a most exalted conception of the antiquity of this mountain." It was doubtless impossible to discover anything more definite, but it must be said that this may seem to some a rather poor result for so much labour. In one respect, however, very clear knowledge has been obtained from the examination of Etna. The lavas have been analysed, and their constituent elementary bodies determined; but only a few persons are likely to take any very keen interest in the results arrived at. Those who are given to chemistry may learn with true pleasure that the lavas of Etna consist of labradorite (augite), peridot (olivine), and titaniferous iron, and that the latter is composed of 11·14 parts of titanic acid, 58·86 of sesquioxide of iron, and 30·0 of protoxide of iron; but the ordinary reader, even if fairly desirous of scientific information, will hardly feel greatly impressed by these facts. If it were possible to form any idea of the age of Etna, if the long observation of its cones and lavas had led to anything like a generally accepted theory of the causes of volcanic action, a result well worthy of the enormous labour which has been given to the mountain would have been achieved. As it is, there is some difficulty in avoiding the conclusion that as yet the acquisition to knowledge obtained from this volcano has scarcely been proportionate to the immense amount of careful observation which has been devoted to it.

Of Etna as a most interesting mountain for the ordinary traveller to visit, as easy of ascent, and as offering a magnificent view from its crater edge, space does not now allow us to speak. Mr. Rodwell describes an expedition which he made to the crater, and, with wisdom which travellers do not often show, refrains from sacrificing himself on the summit; that is to say, he does not attempt an ecstatic description of the view, though he does inflict on his readers a quotation from Brydone, who, like most men who have attempted to describe rapturously what they saw from high summits, talked nonsense. Strangely enough, Mr. Rodwell seems to have been disappointed at finding the crater free from smoke, which is exactly the best condition for seeing one, because then the whole of the huge cavity can be observed. When smoke is issuing of course this is more or less prevented. Still it is easy to understand that a traveller who has come from far to visit a volcano feels somewhat annoyed when he stands on the edge of the crater and finds that but very small sign of volcanic powers is given, and the disappointment which Mr. Rodwell felt has doubtless been experienced by others; but probably in every case where the provokingly peaceful behaviour of the volcano has caused some little annoyance, it has speedily been forgotten in the contemplation of that wonderful expanse of sea and land which is beheld from the summit of the great Sicilian mountain.

## A PLEA FOR WREN'S CHURCHES.

THERE is something almost grotesque in our having at this time to protest against the wanton destruction of some of the noblest and most thoroughly national works of art that England has to show. The Turk who burns to lime the sculptures of Phidias or Praxiteles, or the "navy" who with a stroke of his pickaxe smashes to pieces a priceless vase, may be excused on the ground of gross ignorance. They are utterly unconscious of the value of what they destroy. But the present age is, if anything, aesthetic. Art is the ruling craze. Unless a man would be set down as a mere Philistine, unfit to appear in the selecter circles, he must know, or pretend to know, something about aesthetics in one form or other, and be able to chatter about "tones" and "symphonies" and "arrangements," in the now fashionable gibberish by which, to the utter perplexity of those who fancied they understood their own tongue, the terms of one art are boldly, if not very intelligently, transferred to another. It is therefore somewhat remarkable that this should be the very time when, one by one, the works of one of the infinitesimally small list of architects of European reputation whom England has, till within our own memory, produced—works all bearing the stamp of inventive genius, and thoroughly national in their character—are being quietly swept away by the fiat of the Bishop of London and other ecclesiastical and parochial authorities. The prevailing taste of the time renders this wholesale destruction of Wren's churches the more surprising. For while, half or even a quarter of a century ago, our *cognoscenti* looked on these churches with pity and contempt as "pagan abominations," as not conforming to the Gothic style to which was then alone assigned the title of Christian architecture, now the tide has turned among our self-constituted teachers. The so-called "Queen Anne" mania looks fondly on all art-work of the Wren period, and that immediately succeeding, as something only "too precious," and our architects, having received their cue, leave off copying fourteenth and fifteenth-century work, and fill their portfolios with tracings of the designs of Wren and Hawksmoor, Vanbrugh and Kent, and—so violent is the recoil—even the flat insipidities of the "Adelphi" Adams.

And yet, in the face of this classical revival, the best classical works that England has ever seen, the productions of that truly great and national genius of whom Mr. Fergusson justly says that, "though he did fail sometimes, it cannot be denied that he was a giant in architecture, whose greatest praise is that, though he showed the way and smoothed the path, none of his successors have surpassed, if indeed they have equalled, him in what he did"—the churches in which the originality of his genius shines most conspicuously, and in which he specially appears as an inventor, are being gradually demolished. That forest of spires and towers which excited good Sir Roger de Coverley's admiration as he was rowed from the Temple stairs to Spring Gardens is falling, and the "heathenish sight" which he viewed with so much sorrow to the west of Temple Bar is being extended to the City. From this point of view alone the loss of the churches is incalculable, for his steeples are the most signal proof of Wren's genius. None of his works more distinctly show his sense of proportion, his command of variety of outline and detail, his eye for the picturesque, than that group of campaniles which soar above the habitations around them, and, clustering like satellites round the majestic dome of the Cathedral, to whose swelling outline their taper spires form so striking a contrast, impart a picturesque grandeur to the general aspect of the City which it is hard to rival. Within our own memory at least ten of Wren's City churches, including some of his most original designs, have passed away; their materials have been sold to the highest bidder, their stones ground down for Portland cement; their rich carved oak-work, bearing the touch of Grinling Gibbons's magic chisel, gone to furnish new "Queen Anne" mansions; the remains of the dead carted off, and their monuments huddled away in alien churches, which, if the bold designs of our church-destructives take effect, will afford them only a temporary resting-place. In fact, by the disastrous "Union of Benefices Act," only four out of the fifty City churches are safe from destruction; and, unless some more decisive measures are taken than have yet been adopted to stay the rage for devastation, the noblest triumphs of Wren as a church architect will soon exist only on paper.

The first City church removed subsequently to the great fire of 1666 was St. Christopher le Stocks, with its pinnacled Gothic tower, which somehow managed to escape the conflagration, absorbed in 1781 by the Bank of England, which had already swallowed up the whole parish. Its preservation as a private chapel for the Bank Directors would then have been deemed a flagrant anachronism. But that would have been the right use to make of it. Half a century passed before a second church was doomed—St. Michael's, Crooked Lane—which, with its stately tower and spire, one of Wren's characteristic works, was removed, we suppose necessarily, in 1830, for the northern approaches of new London Bridge. The facility with which this church was got rid of made the fingers of our destructives itch for employment. There are always men who must be busy about something; if there is nothing to build up, they will be equally happy in pulling down. Mr. Richard Lambert Jones was then a leading member of the Corporation and the moving spirit in the erection of the new London Bridge. In this capacity he attracted the attention of the Duke of Wellington, who took a warm interest in the Bridge, and who, as recorded in Rennie's Life, was

struck by Mr. Jones's shrewd common sense and business-like habits. Mr. Jones, having so easily abolished one church, found his appetite whetted, and proceeded, with powerful help, to draw up a monstrous scheme for the extinction of twenty of the City churches. This wholesale demolition, which was justly denounced by the late E. J. Carlos, the veteran London archaeologist, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1834, was happily quashed by the decided refusal of Archbishop Howley and Bishop Blomfield to entertain the project; and the churches had rest for a dozen years. Then came the conflagration of the Royal Exchange, followed by the erection of a new and larger building and the remodelling of the adjacent streets. Here two of Wren's best known and most historically interesting churches fell a sacrifice to the march of improvement. One of these was St. Bartholomew's, the burial-place of Miles Coverdale, whose tall rugged tower (a relic of London before the Fire, to which Wren had added a singular and picturesque cresting of open arches, wisely reproduced by Mr. Cockerell in his new church of the same dedication in Moor Fields) must be fresh in the memory of the older of our readers. Internally it was one of the best of Wren's Basilican churches, "strikingly effective from its harmonious proportions, and the good keeping of all its parts." But not all its architectural merits, nor the ashes of Bishop Coverdale, could save it. The site was wanted for the Sun Fire Office, and down it came. So, too, did its neighbour, St. Bennet Fink, on the other side of the street, overshadowing Leman's biscuit shop, long famous before Huntley and Palmer had made Reading celebrated by their crisp delicacies. If St. Bartholomew's could plead in stay of execution that one of the leading members of the Protestant hagiology was buried within its walls, St. Bennet's could urge that its registers recorded the marriage of one of the highest names on the Puritan bede-roll, Richard Baxter; as well as the baptism of Speed the historian, and—that though to be connected with the name of such a woman is a disgrace—the burial of Mrs. Manley, the shameless author of the infamous *New Atlantis*. Architecturally, too, this was one of Wren's most successful designs. A decagon externally, its domed ceiling was supported by eight Corinthian columns with a very happy effect. It was, in short, a composition which could be ill spared.

This instalment of sacrilege was speedily followed by the ill-starred "Union of Benefices Act," which, however well intentioned, has been so worked as to accomplish a far smaller amount of benefit for the outlying portions of London, which were to be aided out of the ecclesiastical resources thus set free, than the promoters of the measure hoped. Certainly the net results do not balance the architectural and historical loss, or compensate for the reckless spirit of dealing with sacred things which it has done so much to foster. This Act at first worked slowly. So many consents were essential to put it in operation that the machinery was clogged and impotent. As long as Archdeacon Hale lived, his burly form was a bulwark to many a threatened edifice. His death, and some modifications in the Act, removed the obstacles and oiled the wheels, which began to grind up their prey with alarming rapidity. We cannot linger over the victims of this Act. It is sad enough to enumerate them. One or two, not the works of Wren, may have passed away unregretted, artistically. Allhallows Staining (where happily the old fifteenth-century tower has been preserved), St. James's, Duke Place, and that unworthy example of a truly gifted architect, Cockerell, St. Martin Outwich, with its stable turret—have gone, and leave no blank. But the list of Wren's works which have perished is alarmingly large. It includes St. Bennet's, Gracechurch Street, and St. Michael's, Queenhithe, with their tall and slender spires; St. Mary's, Somerset (the truly fine pinnacled tower of which has happily been preserved, though in a sadly uncared-for condition); St. Mildred, in the Poultry (the materials of which were purchased by a former High Sheriff of Lincolnshire, to save them from the cement-works, and now lie in his parlour near Louth, ready for reconstruction); St. Dionis Back-Church, with its Ionic eastern façade, one of Wren's most classical compositions; Allhallows, in Bread Street, whose lovely pinnacled tower not even the memory of Milton, whose baptism is recorded in the register, could save from the operation of the Act. Here is the entry:—"The 20th day of December, 1608, was baptized John the Sonne of John Mylton, Scrivener." We wonder where the register is now. And last, but not least, St. Antholins, with its delicious spire, a veritable little gem imimitable in its way, has been levelled to the ground, and all its memories of the religious life of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries wiped out—the lecture set up, "after the Geneva fashion," at 5 A.M., in 1559, which Lilly, the astrologer, attended, and which kept alive a puritanical fervour in the parish, often referred to by our early dramatists; the gallery where the Scotch Commissioners in 1640 attended service, and heard sermons from Alexander Henderson and their other chaplains, not of the most pacific order—sermons which brought such a crowd that, as Clarendon tells us, from the first appearance of day to the shutting in of the light the church was never empty. The steeple survived for some little time, but even that has now utterly disappeared. They are gone, all gone, and we are told more are to follow. "L'appétit vient en mangeant." Each morsel swallowed makes the process of deglution more easy; and, unless some means are taken for checking their voracity, we must be prepared to see the remaining churches fall a prey to the sacrilegious hands of the church demolishers.

Already we are told that St. Mildred's, Bread Street, which has one

of Wren's characteristic tall spires, rising from a well-proportioned red-brick tower, and a truly exquisite interior, where a hemispherical cupola is supported on four deeply recessed and caissoned arches, showing Wren's perfect eye for proportion, and command of detail, is threatened. Threatened, too, is St. Margaret Pattens, one of Wren's most happy classical adaptations of a Gothic spire, dignified and harmonious, the loss of which to the general view of London, already, as we have said, too much impoverished, would be irreparable. Threatened, too, is the neighbouring little church of St. Mary-at-Hill, which, however unattractive in its exterior, which is long subsequent to Wren, exhibits one of his most picturesque compositions internally, and is rich beyond description in the stately oaken fittings carved by the hand of Gibbons. Only the other day, so to speak, when the late Dr. Crosthwaite was rector, large sums were expended on the woodwork of this church, which was then lovingly repaired by Mr. Rogers, who added the exquisite panels to the pulpit, and other delicious pieces in the altar screen and organ loft. But this interesting church, with its stately domed interior—a first sketch as it were of St. Stephen's, Walbrook—and its historical memories of Margaret Beaufort, "my lady the King's grandam," who gave 20s. towards the rebuilding of the old church, and of the Abbot of Waltham, whose town mansion stood hard by, on the site of whose kitchen the south aisle was built, and of the many brotherhoods of which it was the seat, the representatives of one of which, the Fellowship Porters, still meet, or did so till recently, for worship within its walls—this church, where Dr. Young of the *Night Thoughts* was married, and of which Dr. Brand of the *Popular Antiquities* was rector, with a resident rector and well-attended services—is wanted for the Inner Circle Railway, and all architectural and historical considerations are scattered to the winds. The Bill for carrying out this project has, we observe, just been abandoned for the present year; but the attempt is likely enough to be renewed in a future Session, and we trust that the scheme and its promoters will be vigilantly watched and resolutely opposed. We are glad to know that the rector and the inhabitants are determined not to submit tamely to such a wrong. They will not be robbed of their church without a struggle, and not only are they resolved to fight for their own, but they invite the public to join with them in doing battle for the protection of other churches. At their instance a "City Church and Churchyard Protection Society" has been started, with the view, to quote their circular, of "fighting out the battle in each case where a church or churchyard is threatened with destruction." Such a society has our heartiest sympathy, and we sincerely hope that the response to the appeal issued by the preliminary Committee will be such as to enable them to start it on its career, and that the support it receives will be so large and influential as to show unmistakably that the citizens of London are resolved not to be deprived piecemeal of the churches which are their glory and their pride. The earnest protest of Mr. Carlyle against this wholesale destruction, recently issued by the "Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings," is probably known to many of our readers, and there are few, we think, with any feeling for art, religion, or history, who will not echo his words that "it would be a sordid, nay sinful piece of barbarism to do other than religiously preserve these churches as precious heirlooms; many of them specimens of noble architecture, the like of which we have no prospect of ever being able to produce in England again." The very questionable sayings and doings of the last-named Society ought not to make us unjust on occasions, like the present, when it may do really useful work. The result of Mr. Carlyle's appeal will, we trust, be such as to prove to that justly honoured man that his words have not been thrown away, but are bearing good fruit in an increased reverence for the genius of Wren and for the churches which exhibit his powers so markedly, and which are so intimately bound up with the religious and historical life of London. If no longer needed parochially, they have a distinct use, as Dr. Liddon has shown, as the religious centres of the Guilds, Confraternities, Sisterhoods, and the like which are being called into existence by the pressing needs of our City population.

#### VONDEL.

LAST Wednesday, the 5th of February, was the bicentenary of the death of the most considerable writer that Holland has produced, the typical example of Dutch intelligence and imagination at their highest development, the poet Joost van den Vondel. No outline of European literature can be considered complete that does not find space for the merits of this famous personage. Not merely is he to Holland all that Camoens is to Portugal and Mickiewicz to Poland, but he stands on a level with these men in the positive value of his writings. Just below the topmost height occupied by the six or seven supreme poets of the world, there lies a broader range for those illustrious and potent minds which have barely failed to exercise an influence over European thought in general; and in this second rank of greatness Vondel holds a secure position. Had he been born with precisely the same qualities of mind in a larger country than Holland, and trained in a more cosmopolitan tongue, he might have been more widely read, but he would scarcely have attained so original a standpoint. It was better to reign in Amsterdam than to be second or third in London, and, as the limitations of Vondel's genius are precisely those of the Dutch

nation, they are scarcely felt in Holland. As it is, he is great enough to be compared, without any sense of monstrous disproportion, with his greatest contemporaries in England and France. Compared with the Elizabethan school of tragedy, in the atmosphere of which his youth was cast, he is conventional and classical, his picturesqueness being seldom of a romantic cast. He crosses the stage in a stiff, brocaded robe of alexandrines, while the English playwrights of his time hasten over it in the flying garments of an easy and flexible blank verse. But his classical manner was interpenetrated by that curious heresy of the age, for which literary history has not yet found a name, the passion for conceits and the ornament of a far-fetched imagery. When he was a young man the three darling poets of Europe were Marini, Gongora, and Donne; and from the first and third of these directly, and probably from the second also, indirectly, Vondel, who was a far greater man than either, gained no little of the purely external glitter of his style. The last great Italian poets, Tasso and Guarini, died when he was a child, and their florid genius tintured his. We find in Vondel, therefore, the remarkable phenomenon of a strong and simple Batavian nature, thoroughly composed of homely and popular qualities, tinged, as it were, with the colour of the age he lived in, and adopting into his own massive style the tricks and harlequin beauties of the dying Renaissance. He is the greatest poet in whom the transformation of the seventeenth century into the eighteenth, the flowing love-locks into the full-bottomed periwig, can be studied in its full proportions. His long life of nearly a hundred years saw the world of Spenser transmuted into the world of Racine.

Joost van den Vondel was the eldest son of a merchant of Antwerp, who was obliged to leave that city in 1585 on account of his adherence to the sectarian doctrines of the Mennonites, the followers of the mad heretic Simon Menno. He settled at Cologne, married one of his fellow-exiles, and on the 17th of November, 1587, became the father of a child destined to become the most illustrious of Dutch writers. Driven out of Cologne, the family took refuge for a little while at Utrecht, and finally, in 1597, settled at Amsterdam, where the father opened a hosier's shop in Warmoesstraat, near the heart of the city. Here in 1608 the father died, and two years later, in his four-and-twentieth year, the future poet married into a Mennonite family that had shared the exile of the Vondels from Antwerp. It was not till the same age that he showed any aptitude or even tendency to the poetic art. His juvenile verses are very few and very poor, and his first considerable work was an elegy on the French King Henry IV., murdered in 1610 by Ravaillac. About this time Vondel seems to have entered upon a literary life by joining one of the three guilds called Chambers of Rhetoric which then existed in Amsterdam. These peculiar institutions dated, in their original form, from the end of the fourteenth century, having been founded under the Dukes of Burgundy in almost all the towns of the Low Countries as centres of intellectual vitality. It was by the Chambers of Rhetoric that mystery plays were got up, that prizes were given for dissertations and disquisitions in which the scholastic learning of the middle ages was tortured into fresh forms, and that poems in praise of the Virgin and the patron saints were recited and rewarded. For a long time these Chambers of Rhetoric preserved a purely mediæval character, even long after the revival of learning; but the ideas of Humanism and Protestantism by degrees found their way into the most influential. Each Chamber took the name of some flower or charming object. We find the "Violet," at Antwerp; the "Marigold," at Gouda; the "Cornflower," at the Hague; while more ambitious were the Chambers of "Jesus with the Balsam," at Ghent; of the "Holy Ghost," at Bruges; and the "Alpha and Omega," at Ypres. The last-mentioned Flemish Chamber is supposed to have been the most ancient. At the beginning of the seventeenth century three Chambers of Rhetoric flourished side by side in Amsterdam. These were the "Eglantine," native to that city, and the "White Lavender Blossom" and the "Figtree," guilds of Brabant origin which had taken refuge in the United Provinces after the fall of Antwerp in 1585. To the second of these, the "White Lavender Blossom," Vondel seems to have attached himself; and, by so doing, to have deprived his youth of all the advantage that accrues from companionship with genius, since all the other rising youths of the day were associated with the "Eglantine."

In 1612, being twenty-five years old, he brought out his first work, *Het Pascha*, a tragedy or tragico-comedy on the exodus of the Children of Israel, written, like all his succeeding dramas, on the recognized Dutch plan—in alexandrines, in five acts, and with choral interludes between the acts. There is comparatively little promise in *Het Pascha*. It was much inferior dramatically, to the romantic plays just being produced by Brederoo, and in verse to the clear and eloquent tragedies and pastorals of Hooft; but it secured the young poet a position inferior only to theirs. Yet for a number of years he made no attempt to emphasize the impression he had produced on the public, but contented himself, during the years that are the most fertile in a poet's life, with translating and imitating portions of Du Bartas's popular epic. The short and brilliant life of Brederoo, his immediate contemporary and greatest rival, burned itself out in a succession of dramatic victories, and it was not until two years after the death of the great poet of *Griane* that Vondel appeared before the public with a second tragedy, the *Jerusalem Laid Desolate*; this was in 1620, when

he was thirty-three years of age. In the contrasted careers of Brederoo and Vondel we have an extraordinary instance of the way in which genius seems to provide against the early coming of death. The first compressed into his brief life of thirty years all the stress and passion of an age, while the latter, secure in his ninety years, developed leisurely and gravely like a forest-tree. Vondel was not idle, however, during his eight years of silence; he had transferred his talents to the reformed and vivacious Chamber of the "Eglantine"; he had been received into the circle of poets and artists that met in the first Northern *salon*, the house of Roemer Visscher; he had paid poetical tribute, as was due, to Tesselschade, the beautiful and gifted daughter of Roemer; and, more than all, he had been giving his whole energy to the study of French and Latin, taking the pseudo-Seneca for his first dramatic master. It was a great judicial crime that opened the flood-gates of his genius, and first taught him those master-accents of indignation and horror which cannot even now be read, after two centuries and a half, without quickened pulses. In the great religious and political schism in the State Vondel threw his whole heart into the losing scale, and the triumph of the Calvinists in the execution of Barneveldt in 1618 roused him to a white heat of indignation. The edicts of the Synod of Dort in 1619 made it dangerous even to incline to the party of the Remonstrants. A certain sheriff of Amsterdam, whose sympathies lay wholly with the cause of the defeated, proposed to the poet to write a tragedy satirizing the conduct of the Synod, and suggested the Euripidean story of Palamedes as a suitable theme. Vondel was charmed with the idea, and in 1625 published what seemed an innocent study from the antique, his tragedy of *Palamedes; or, Murdered Innocence*. The whole city discovered with smothered delight that under the name of the hero was thinly concealed the figure of Barneveldt, that Diomedes was Willem of Nassau, Agamemnon Prince Maurits, and the chorus of Peloponnesians the pestilent and tyrannous Counter-Remonstrants. Thus, at the age of forty-one, the obscure Vondel became in a week the most famous writer in Holland. But such insolence could not remain unpunished; his life was threatened by the Government, and the greatest influence had to be exercised to turn this sentence into a heavy fine, which, be it added, was most honourably paid by the sheriff who had suggested the form and subject of the tragedy.

For the next twelve years, and till the accession of Prince Frederick Hendrik, Vondel had to maintain a hand-to-hand combat with the "Saints of Dort." This was the period of his most resolute and stinging satires; Cats took up the cudgels on behalf of the Counter-Remonstrants, and there raged a war of pamphlets in verse. The return of Hugo Grotius out of exile in 1632 strengthened the hands of Vondel, and gradually all things in statecraft and literature tended once more towards liberty and peace. A purely fortuitous circumstance led to the next great triumph in Vondel's slowly-developing career. The Dutch Academy, founded in 1617 almost wholly as a dramatic guild, had become so inadequately provided with stage accommodation that in 1638, having coalesced with the two Chambers of the "Eglantine" and the "Lavender Blossom," it ventured on the erection of a large public theatre, the first in Amsterdam. Vondel, as the greatest poet of the day, was invited to write a piece for the first night, and accordingly, on Sunday, the 3rd of January, 1638, the theatre was opened with the performance of new tragedy out of early Dutch history—the famous *Gybreght van Aemstel*. This play still keeps the stage—that is to say, it is regularly acted every New Year's Eve. With this brilliant success, which raised Vondel finally above any fear of competition, his career as a public man culminated. He still had forty years to live and to work in, but he became from this time forth less in sympathy with his fellow-citizens. The chief reason for this was his apostasy, as it was called, to the Roman Catholic faith. This step he finally and publicly took on his fifty-fourth birthday, the 17th of November, 1641; but since his early manhood his Flemish blood had been always stirred by the mysteries of the altar, and in this at least he was no Dutchman. The hand which led him to the Church of Rome was, if we may believe Brandt, his first biographer, that of the beautiful poetess Tesselschade Visscher, who had been brought up in that faith, and whose influence over Vondel remained very strong until her early death in 1649. The ten years which followed the production of *Gybreght van Aemstel* were rich in dramatic work from Vondel's hand; he supplied the theatre with heroic Scriptural pieces of which the general reader will obtain the best idea if we point to the *Athalie* of Racine. In 1654, having already attained an age at which poetical production is usually discontinued by the most energetic of poets, he brought out the most exalted and sublime of all his works, the tragedy of *Lucifer*. This drama Milton read in the last hours of his failing eyesight, and in all probability it decided him to produce that poem on the Fall of Man which is still the main epic glory of our language. The subject of Vondel, indeed, was somewhat different, as it dealt mainly with the Fall of the Rebel Angels; but the style and treatment, as well as many of the best passages, remain the most Miltonic things outside Milton. Very late in life, through no fault of his own, financial ruin fell on the great Dutch poet, and from 1658 to 1668—that is, from his seventieth to his eightieth year—this venerable and illustrious person, the main literary glory of Holland through her whole history, was forced to earn his bread as a common clerk in a bank, miserably paid, and accused of wasting his masters' time by the writing of verses. The city released him at last from this wretched bondage by a pension, and the wonderful old man went on writing odes

and tragedies almost to his ninetieth year. He died at last in 1679, of no disease, having outlived all his contemporaries and almost all his friends, but calm, sane, and good-humoured to the last, serenely conscious of the legacy that he bequeathed to a not too grateful country.

In no more than eight years' time the tercentenary of Vondel's birth will come round, and we believe it is intended to celebrate the day somewhat upon the same plan as our own Shakespeare's tercentenary in 1864. A birth is certainly a more seemly and a more auspicious opportunity for festivities than a death. The most prominent mode in which the present date has been observed has been the opening on Wednesday last of a Vondel Exhibition at Amsterdam, to which amateurs, not only in Holland, but all over Europe, have been asked to contribute portraits of the poet, first and early editions of his works, the quarto plays especially, volumes bearing on the literary history of his times, and prints or pictures illustrating the early condition of the stage in Holland. This Exhibition will be open to the public for a month, and offers such opportunities as have never before been met with for the study of the greatest of Dutch writers.

#### THE CATHOLIC DOCTRINE OF REBELLION.

**I**N a favourable notice of the recent Papal Encyclical one of our contemporaries took some exception to Leo XIII.'s teaching on rebellion, which is represented to be—the italics are our own—that "a government, *however bad*, is *never to be resisted*, except it require from its subjects that which is rebellion against God, but that in that case God is to be obeyed rather than man." The writer adds, justly enough, that this theory, unless very freely interpreted, "would hardly cover the ground of most Catholic rebellions." But we are not at all clear that this is the theory intended by Leo XIII.; his words in the original Latin, the sense of which is somewhat obscured in the English version of the *Tablet*, are patient, to say the least, of a more liberal construction. The passage runs as follows:—"Si tamen quandoque contingat temere et ultra modum publicam a principibus potestalem exerceri, Catholice Ecclesiae doctrina in eos insurgere *proprio Marte* non sinit, ne ordinis tranquillitas magis magisque turbetur, neve societas meius exinde detinendum capit." The phrase "*proprio Marte*," especially when coupled with the reason added for this prohibition, seems to point to violent and seditious actions on the part of individuals, who have not the general body of the nation at their back. And as the Pope does not profess to be laying down any new doctrine of his own, but only regarding "the doctrine of the Catholic Church," it may be worth while to inquire what that doctrine is, as a matter of history, which is in itself a question of considerable interest. We say, as a matter of history, for there is not, so far as we are aware, any formal dogma or definition either of the ancient or mediæval Church on the subject, and the "Catholic doctrine," if there be any, must therefore be gathered from the general Christian tradition and the teaching of accredited divines. And if we go back to the Fathers, it cannot be denied that the most stringent interpretation of the Pope's language would be supported and even demanded by the almost unanimous tenor of their teaching on the absolute duty of submission. The very few apparent exceptions occasionally quoted only serve to prove the rule, as e.g. when St. Gregory Nazianzen and St. Cyril inveigh against the memory of Julian the Apostle, after his death, and St. Hilary denounces the Arian Emperor Constantius as a precursor of Antichrist and the like, when he may be supposed to have already been virtually deposed for his heresy. As a rule, the early Fathers seem to have taken St. Paul's admonition to obey the powers that be in its most rigorous sense, and would admit no right of rebellion against a Nero or a Caligula, though Nero was by many of them regarded as the personal Antichrist. That the maintenance of this principle, which was not only taught but consistently acted upon by the early Christians throughout the ages of persecution—and whereby, as a modern writer expresses it, they constituted themselves the champions of legality in an age of turbulence and disorder, when the rival forces of civilization and barbarism were engaged in an internecine strife—was salutary in its results may be readily admitted. It would have introduced fresh and disastrous complications if the Christians, when they became strong enough, had assumed the position of insurgents against the persecuting Empire. They acted on a true and generous instinct, but their theory was certainly an excessive one, and this became manifest when it was reproduced under altered circumstances in the English Church of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, where the doctrine which has been ascribed to Leo XIII. was persistently inculcated in all its fulness.

We need not endorse the characteristic maledictions of Macaulay against the Church he so little loved, which "continued to be for one hundred and fifty years the servile handmaid of monarchy, the steady enemy of public liberty," and "once, and but once—for a moment, and but for a moment—when her own dignity and property was touched, forgot to practise the submission she had taught." But he has not misrepresented what may be called the *consensus* of the great Anglican divines on the duty of passive obedience. Their teaching is summed up with unmistakable emphasis and precision in the authorized Homilies on *Obedience* and on *Wilful Rebellion*. We are there taught that

"eternal damnation is prepared for all impenitent rebels in hell, with Satan, the first founder of rebellion," while "heaven is the place of good obedient subjects, and hell the prison and dungeon of rebels against God and their prince." Nor does the badness of the government make any difference in the paramount obligation of obedience, for "a rebel is worse than the worst prince, and rebellion worse than the worst government of the worst prince hath hitherto been." Bad government is indeed to be accepted as a righteous punishment, not made an occasion of fresh sin, "God placeth as well evil princes as good," and it follows that "for subjects to deserve through their sins to have an evil prince, and then to rebel against him, were double and treble evil by provoking God more to plague them." And the example of the Jews submitting to Nebuchadnezzar, and St. Paul to Nero, are cited in evidence of this view. Jeremy Taylor, in the chief Anglican work on Moral Theology, the *Ductor Dubitantum*, lays down the same doctrine, declaring it to be so plainly set forth in Scripture as hardly to need the comment supplied in the teaching and practice of the Church, which is however equally unmistakable. Hooker, whose moral and philosophical teachings are much more shaped on scholastic than patristic models, though he does not always acknowledge his obligations, takes a different line, but he stands almost alone. And even he, though he lays down principles very like those of Suarez—of whom something will be said presently—hesitates to draw the natural conclusion. He considers the royal power to be derived from the people, and subject to the law; and yet when he comes to inquire whether "the body politic" may withdraw the authority it has delegated, when it is misused, he only ventures to reply that "it must be presumed that supreme governors will not in such cases oppose themselves and be stiff in detaining that the use thereof is with public detriment; but surely without their consent I see not how the body should be able by any fresh means to help itself, saving when dominion doth escheat." We need not follow here the course of this absolutist teaching in secular and even sceptical English writers of later date like Barclay, Filmer, Hobbes, Bolingbroke, Hume, and others, as we are at present concerned with the theological aspect of the question, as it has in successive ages presented itself to the mind of the Church. We have seen that the great Anglican divines reproduced on this matter the stringent teaching of the Fathers, without making any allowance for the altered social and political conditions of their own day. But they certainly did not inherit that teaching by unbroken succession from the earliest ages to their own, as Taylor's language would imply when he says that the doctrine of the Church is, "without any variety, dissent, or interruption, universally agreed upon, universally practised and taught, that, let the powers set over us be what they will, we must suffer it and never right ourselves."

Two distinct and in some sense opposite tendencies of medieval thought conspired to induce a gradual modification of the patristic doctrine of passive obedience. On the one hand, the growth of the Papal power, with its steadily ascending claim of supreme jurisdiction over all temporal governments, introduced a new element into the discussion. In deposing tyrannical and heretical sovereigns, who, unlike the Pagan Emperors of a former day, had become by baptism her own children and subjects, the Church professed to act, and to a certain extent did act, as the organ and executor of the moral sense of the Christian community, and thus the idea was at once suggested, under whatever limitations and control, of the nation having rights as against its rulers. On the other hand, the rise of the scholastic philosophy marked a great upheaval of thought, struggling to emancipate itself from the fetters of a mere dead traditionalism. It has been called, and not unjustly, a rationalistic movement, for it aimed at bringing all questions within the sphere of its cognizance under the domain of reason, though it accepted as ultimate premises and starting points of inquiry revealed as well as scientific truths assumed to be certainly and finally fixed. Archbishop Trench speaks of the Schoolmen as seeking "to inaugurate a supernatural rationalism in the Church." Thomas Aquinas, the greatest of them, was probably influenced by both religious and rational considerations when he argued that the duty of obedience to secular princes is only obligatory in *quantum ordo justitiae requirit*, and is therefore forfeited by an unjust or usurping ruler. It was the general teaching of the Schoolmen that the power of Kings is derived mediately, not immediately, from God, and directly from the people. And this doctrine was reasserted and developed by Bellarmine, Suarez, and other great Jesuit theologians of the Reformation period, mainly of course, but by no means exclusively, in the interests of Papal supremacy over civil governments. The Gallican divines naturally took a different line, harmonizing much more closely with that of the Caroline school in England, and Bossuet quietly observes that the Schoolmen, who for some centuries after St. Thomas were nearly unanimous in maintaining the view he opposes, are manifestly mistaken. The works both of Bellarmine and Suarez were publicly burnt by order of the Parliament of Paris. The work of Suarez—which was, by the way, written in reply to one bearing the name of James I. of England—distinctly subordinates the rights of the sovereign to those of the nation, even independently of the interposition of the Pope, or the lapse of the sovereign into heresy, which *ipso facto* annulled his right to the throne, though in that case it was better to await a definitive sentence of deprivation from the Pope; nor does he shrink from maintaining, as indeed Aquinas had done before him, that in extreme cases the sovereign may be put to death. But the

most remarkable work on the subject is that by the Spanish Jesuit Mariana—who was at once one of the ablest and the most honest and independent writers of his order—*De Rege et Regis Institutione*, which elaborately vindicates the doctrine of tyrannicide, and pronounces a warm eulogium on those who have had the courage to practise it, from Harmodius and Aristogeiton and Brutus to the young Dominican Clement, "the eternal glory of France," who killed Henry III. And it is carefully explained that a tyrant does not mean only a ruler who had originally no right to his throne, but a sovereign who by governing on selfish principles, instead of for the interests of his people, has forfeited his right to govern them. Of course this extreme remedy of assassination was only to be resorted to in extreme cases, and when all constitutional methods of putting down the tyrant had failed or had been rendered unavailable, but Mariana evidently supposes such cases not to be so very uncommon. The same doctrine of tyrannicide was defended by other Jesuit writers, though it had been expressly condemned by a decree of the Council of Constance, occasioned by Jean Petit's advocacy of it at Paris. This decree Mariana rejects altogether, as not being confirmed by the Pope, while Suarez, who admits its authority, explains it as only applying to a legitimate sovereign. Many Protestant writers of the Reformation period advocated the same principle, which was acted upon in the assassination of the Duke of Guise and of Cardinal Beaton. But its systematic elaboration and defence was the special work of the Jesuits. It would of course be most untrue to say that the Church of Rome is in any way committed to the doctrine of tyrannicide, though canonized Saints and Popes, like St. Pius V. and St. Charles Borromeo, as well as Protestants like Buchanan and unbelievers like Sarpi have deliberately maintained it. But it would be equally untrue to say that the duty of passive obedience, as taught by the Caroline divines, is a "Catholic doctrine" in any intelligible sense of the word. It was an ethical principle generally asserted and acted upon by the early Christians, but never thrown into a formal or dogmatic shape; and when questions of this kind came to be handled as matters of philosophical discussion, which was not the case in the early ages, it was at once challenged and very generally repudiated. In practice both Catholics and Protestants in periods of fierce religious conflict have been too apt to bend their theories into conformity with the immediate exigencies and interests of their respective causes; but a close similarity may be traced between the abstract theories of Ultramontane and Puritan divines as to the proper method of dealing with "heretical" or "idolatrous" sovereigns. But, putting aside the extreme theory of tyrannicide, which is condemned to say the least by the verdict of enlightened experience, the doctrine of Mariana that nations have an ultimate right of resisting an unjust ruler, whether his title be legitimate or not, has never been either formally or practically rejected by his Church, and most persons in our own day would probably agree with him in thinking that it is supported by "the voice of nature and the common sense of mankind."

#### THEATRICAL SLANG.

A GOOD deal has been said lately in the papers concerning the state of the English stage, of which curiously different accounts have been given by people differently interested in the question. Much complaint has been made of the constant borrowing from the French theatre which goes on. Authors and managers have both given their view of the matter; and, on the whole, it must be confessed that the position taken by managers is by no means unreasonable. Without support assured by the State, or in some other yet undiscovered manner, the director of a theatre cannot be expected to be so patriotic as to prefer producing a possibly unsuccessful English piece to giving in an English form a French play which already bears the mark of success. And there can be little doubt that, although we have a few clever dramatists and a great many clever actors in England, thus far the French capital is far ahead of ours in being able to produce good original pieces well acted. Under these circumstances, it is pleasant to find the French theatre acknowledging its indebtedness in some respect to ours; and those people who have far too fine a taste ever to go to an English theatre, but who will rush with eagerness to see any rubbish which a Parisian manager chooses to put on the boards, may possibly be pleased to learn that one of the most useful devices of the stage was unknown to the French theatre until it was brought over from England. This is at least a fair inference from the fact that one of the most ingenious trap-doors ever invented goes in France by the name of *Trappe anglaise*.

This piece of information we have got from a little book called *La Langue Théâtrale*, compiled by M. Alfred Bouchard with the assistance, as he modestly says in a preface, of his collaborator, "Ciseaux," who he goes on to say, "a joué un rôle aussi important que notre plume"; he hopes, however, that the work "pourra être utile aux personnes qui aiment le théâtre; c'est là notre seul but," and his intention is certainly carried out with very considerable success. One of the earliest passages in M. Bouchard's work, which does not confine itself to theatrical slang, but deals at large with many things of and belonging to the theatre, conveys another proof that we are not so far inferior to the French in all theatrical matters as some folk would have us believe. Under the heading, "Acteur, Actrice,"

M. Bouchard observes that there was a great contrast between the social reputations of Greek and of Roman players, and goes on to say that the same difference has held good in modern times in England and France. Garrick, he notes, enjoyed the very highest social consideration, but in France burial was refused to Molière and to Mlle. Lecourver. "Cette déconsidération s'est beaucoup amoindrie, mais elle existe encore, ne fait-ce qu'à l'état de préjugé. C'est à ce point que le ruban de la Légion d'Honneur, qui s'épanouit à la boutonnière de tant de nullités, ne décroie aucun acteur, en tant que comédien." On *accessoires* the compiler of the dictionary has some amusing remarks. This branch of theatrical art naturally receives less careful attention in provincial theatres than in the capital, and M. Bouchard remembers having heard an impassioned address delivered to a portrait which was entirely absent. Perhaps this was a better device than one which we have seen employed when a long invocation supposed to be inspired by a picture of Beethoven was given to the portrait of a young Lifeguardsman in full uniform. Several anecdotes might be collected to rank with M. Bouchard's of the actor who, having in the character of a villain to burn an important document, found that the necessary candle had been forgotten, and was obliged to use the footlights. In this case there was at least a substitute for the missing "property" at hand; but there was none when, many years ago, a German actor playing Faust in London, interrupted his opening soliloquy by starting up, rushing to the wing, and shouting to the prompter, "Du hast das verdammt Buch vergessen." On one occasion at least on an English stage, the flood of light which mysteriously fills the scene on the appearance of a single candle or the turning up of a lamp appeared even more remarkable than it generally does, because the player unfortunately turned the lamp which was to cause the illumination not up but out. In connection with the word *accessoire* we find mention of "Utilité," to which English theatrical slang affords an exact equivalent. M. Bouchard has one good story of an "utilité" employed to deliver a letter, written, as it was a long one, to an actor against whom he had a grudge. For the written letter he substituted a blank leaf. Had he been content with this his vengeance would have been satisfactory; but, unfortunately for the utility man, he thought to improve his position by saying "Pray tell me the contents of that letter." To which the other promptly replied, handing it to him, "Tiens, lis-toi-même." In the matter of *accessoires*, at least one clever French critic, M. Jules Claretie, is of opinion that they are generally much more complete on the English than on the French stage; another fact which we commend to the notice of people who think that they cannot praise French without decrying English acting. Turning M. Bouchard's pages at haphazard, we come upon one or two words which would certainly be intelligible without a special explanation. Among them is *semainier*, which is thus defined:—"Fonction de régisseur, que chaque *sociétaires du Théâtre Français* remplit à tour de rôle. Ce titre de *semainier* en indique la durée." Such a method as this, which makes each member of a small society in his turn a despot over the others, would probably be impracticable under any but the special conditions that belong to the Français.

Not the least remarkable thing about French theatrical slang, as exhibited in the pages of the amusing little book from which we have quoted, is that most of its terms explain themselves much more readily than do those employed in England. Any Englishman with tolerable knowledge of French and of theatrical matters could decipher for himself the meaning of four out of six of the words given. But very few Frenchmen, we fancy, however well up in English and in the slang of their own *coulisses*, could make out the intention of the advertisements contained in the pages of our chief theatrical newspaper—the *Era*. What, for instance, can be the meaning of this:—"Wanted, immediately, two or three useful gentlemen (single); also one to sing between"? What are useful gentlemen, and what is the meaning of the mysterious qualification in brackets? And, supposing the "one to sing between" were found, how could he sing between three gentlemen, however useful and however single? Here is another notice, which is far more startling:—"Wanted, a Novelty, a big Man, Woman, or Dwarf, or others." The mind, if not the will, of a person unversed in these mysteries is completely puzzled by such an announcement as this. Why should a big man or woman be a novelty? What is a big dwarf? What can be the "others" who are thus invited to compete with bigness? The answering of these questions may afford a pleasant relief to people who are tired of double acrostics; but we defy any of the acrostic-solving craft to make anything of this:—"Wanted, a first-class Herculian (*sic*) performer; one who can fire either from the Shoulder or the Chest; also good skaters, gymnasts, Singing and Knockabout Clowns, or any great Novelty may send dates and lowest terms."

This advertisement is so completely amazing that we cannot even put into shape our dim speculations regarding it, and must leave it to speak for itself, passing on to one which seems at least to have the merit of common sense. "Wanted, Talent in all branches for present and future dates, Stars, Novelties, Specialities, &c. &c. Write at once. Good Niggers who can dance; Serio-Comic Ladies. Outsiders, please don't waste time and stamps." About the end of this notice there is a business-like air of which the plainness is refreshing after the vague awe inspired by the notion of a "Herculian who can fire either from the shoulder or the chest." Perhaps however the mystery of the "Herculian" is rivalled by this:—"Wanted, the Address of Biven's Wooden

Headed Family." One wonders whether this has any connexion with the "Heavy Men," who seem to be in some request, and one is disposed to wonder still more at "a respectable young man" announcing that he wants "a situation as pianist for the Free-and-Easy business." It is easy to believe that a person combining such apparently opposite tastes is a "good Vamper for Song and Dance Music." To expressions of this kind we fail to find any parallel in M. Bouchard's dictionary of French theatrical slang, although one certainly could not divine that "gratter au foyer" meant waiting, in the case of an actor, for a part, or in that of an author for the production of his piece, any more than one could that "se gourer" was to commit some such gross absurdity as appearing in a snow-scene clad in thin muslin or playing a blind man with an eyeglass stuck in one's eye. Nor perhaps would any one naturally imagine that "feux" meant extra sums given to players beyond their fixed salary, whether for an unusual number of rehearsals or for unusual cost incurred in costumes. The origin of the phrase is that in ancient days fire and lights were supplied to actors by the management as a gratuity. Now, according to M. Bouchard, in the case of "star" actors the "feux" often amount to a great deal more than the nominal salary. "Brûler les planches" is a phrase which might seem at first sight to have some natural connexion with "feux," but which is in fact used to express the violence and hurry which some actors substitute for vivacity. "Quelques bons acteurs brûlent les planches; alors c'est pour sauver la pièce, ou bien parce qu'elle les ennuie, ou qu'ils ont un souper fin qui les attend!" On the whole, comparing *La Langue Théâtrale* with the *Era*, it seems to us that French is a good deal more simple than English theatrical slang.

#### ARTISTIC COPYRIGHT.

THE meeting of artists at the Grosvenor Gallery has provoked a good deal of ignorant comment on the subject of artistic copyright. To judge from the articles in several of the daily papers, it might be supposed that the claim of the artists involved the creation of a new kind of property hitherto unknown to the law. The real points of difference between the recommendations of the Royal Commission and the wishes of the artists have been obscured beneath a quantity of vague generalization upon matters that are not in dispute; and it may be questioned whether the general body of the public has now any sort of notion either as to the provisions of the existing law or the changes which the Report of the Commission proposes to introduce. And yet the whole question is capable of such clear and simple statement that it is difficult to understand how those who have professed to explain its bearings have contrived to go so far astray. The law of copyright in paintings is governed by the Act of 1862. The sculptor and the engraver have enjoyed the advantage of copyright for much longer period; and the principal claim that is now urged on behalf of painting has been from the first conceded in the case of sculpture. By the Act of 1862 the sole right of copying a picture by means of engraving or other process is vested in its author; but, if the picture is sold, the author, if he still wishes to retain his copyright, must specially reserve it by an agreement in writing, signed by the purchaser; and, on the other hand, the purchaser, if he desires to acquire the copyright, must in like manner have an agreement in writing signed by the painter. There is an exception in the case of pictures painted on commission, where the copyright passes without stipulation to the purchaser; but this exception has but small application, and as a general rule a mutual agreement, signed by both the vendor and the purchaser, is necessary to create a copyright for the benefit of either. The working of this law, as might have been foreseen, has been productive of needless confusion and much practical injustice. As a matter of experience, it has been found that in nine cases out of ten a painting is sold without any written agreement at all, with the very ridiculous result that the copyright is then altogether lost, and the painting can be copied without hindrance by any one who contrives to gain access to it. There is no need of argument to show that this is a state of things which ought not to be allowed to continue. In the words of the Report, "It is clearly undesirable that copyrights which are in many cases of great value should in this way be left free to piracy. The law, therefore, should distinctly define to whom, in the absence of an agreement, the copyright should belong." The Report then proceeds to set forth the views of the Commissioners on this important question. It is admitted that "the artists, as a body, are unanimous in their desire to have the copyright reserved to them by law"; and it is not contended that any other class would be injured by such an enactment. But, although the Commissioners, as a body, do not urge anything against the principle which the artists seek to establish, they nevertheless decline to sanction its acceptance. And, if we rightly understand the process of reasoning by which they have arrived at this conclusion, they would seem to have been mainly influenced by a desire for ideal simplicity in the expression of the law. They foresee that, if copyright were generally reserved to the artist, an exception would have to be made in the case of portraits; and in the justice of this exception the artists entirely agree. But the Commissioners are apparently appalled by the difficulty of defining a portrait; and they accordingly take refuge in the simpler recommendation that, in all cases where there is no stipulation to the

contrary, the copyright in a picture should belong to the purchaser, and not to the artist.

This, it may be observed, is the decision to which the artists, as a body, take exception. But, before we proceed to consider the justice of their case, it may be as well to point out that the practical difficulties which are here so prominently put forward are entirely ignored in another part of the Report. When the Commissioners come to deal with copyright in photographs, they do not hesitate to make that distinction as regards portraits which had seemed in the case of paintings to baffle all their skill in definition. We have therefore the right to assume that the distinction can be made, and the juxtaposition of these two clauses in the Report would seem to prove that the difficulties had only been suggested in order to show how easily they might be overcome. We are then at liberty to consider the suggested alteration of the law purely upon its merits, and here it must be confessed that the Report has but little to oppose to the claim put forward on behalf of the artists. That claim may be said to rest on the assumption that a picture or a drawing is the subject of two separate properties which are in their nature entirely distinct. There is, in the first place, the property in the canvas which contains the embodiment of the painter's invention, and there is besides the property in the invention itself, which is capable of being expressed in another material, and of being circulated by various processes of reproduction. In the view of the artists these two distinct kinds of property should only be acquired by separate acts of purchase. They deny that, in acquiring a picture, the purchaser has any right to expect that he has also acquired a right to trade in the painter's invention. If he wishes to possess himself of this right he is always at liberty to stipulate for its purchase, and they think that, in the absence of such stipulation, it should remain vested in the producer. The question is, in reality, more important than at first sight appears, and it involves a principle that is of considerable value. Dismissing, for the moment, the practical advantage to the artist in thus being permitted to retain the control over his work, it is essential to remark that the recommendations contained in the Report would leave the recognition of copyright to individual arrangement. They declare, in effect, that the different rights which are derived from a painting are such as the Legislature cannot undertake to distinguish; that these rights, in short, although they may be separated by contract, are not to be created by law. It is interesting to contrast this imperfect and undeveloped conception of an author's interest in his work with that which is put forward in another part of the Report. In treating of literary copyright, the Commissioners were called upon to consider the question of the dramatization of novels. Hitherto, as is well known, the author of a novel has had no kind of control over any adaptation of it that may be prepared for stage representation, nor has he enjoyed any share in the profits that may accrue from the adventure. The Commissioners are very properly opposed to the continuance of this injustice. They spontaneously recognize in this instance that "an author should be entitled to the full amount of profit which he can derive from his own creation"; and they recommend that for the future the right of dramatizing a novel or other work should be reserved to the author. We need not say that we entirely approve of this recommendation; but it is impossible not to feel that their decision has here been swayed by a more refined conception of the extent and nature of an author's rights than they have been able to realize in the case of painting.

Nor in this is there any matter for wonder. If the Report shows a keener sensibility to the claims of literature than to those of art, it is doubtless because literature was adequately represented upon the Commission. Artists, as a body, have, we think, good reason to complain that those who are supposed to have the charge of their interests took no means to urge the advisableness of including in the Commission at least one member of the artistic profession. It might have been thought that upon a subject of such importance the Royal Academy would have been induced to make a representation to the Government; but, as far as can be judged from the evidence, the Academy seems to have taken no step in the matter. A letter from one of the Academicians, printed in the appendix to the volume of evidence, would seem to show that, even at the time the Commission was sitting, the subject was not thought of sufficient importance to deserve a special meeting of the Council. A paragraph in the papers announces that, since the issue of the Report, a more vigorous policy has been adopted, and that a memorial is in course of preparation, which is to be presented to the Government. Unfortunately this activity comes rather late. If the memorial had been laid before the Commission, a different character might have been given to the Report, and the prejudice that has been established against the artists' claims would perhaps have been avoided. In the meantime the general body of artists have been well advised to take the matter into their own hands, and the meeting at the Grosvenor Gallery will, at any rate, serve to record the views which they entertain, and to direct public attention to the true significance of the questions in dispute. For it must not be forgotten that the public, as well as the purchaser and the producer, have a real interest in the future settlement of the law upon this subject. It is to the public interest that, if paintings are to be reproduced at all, the reproduction should be under the control and authority of the artist, who is manifestly the fittest guardian of his own reputation. Hitherto the uncertainty and confusion of the law have had the effect of throwing the art of engraving almost entirely into the hands of dealers, who have encouraged a kind of work

that rarely reflects credit upon English taste. It is notorious that English engraving was never in a worse plight than now. The laboured and lifeless performances which are produced at the command of the dealers have seldom any claim to artistic consideration; and it may fairly be urged that the main reason of their inferiority lies in the fact that the painter and the engraver no longer work in concert. The question then arises whether matters would be much improved by the reforms recommended by the Commission. If their suggested settlement of the law is adopted, the purchasers of paintings will supplant the dealers as the guardians of artistic copyright, and it will scarcely be urged that the purchasers of modern paintings are, as a class, at all better fitted to discharge the duties of the position. The painter alone can be deemed a competent judge as to the capabilities of his work for the purposes of reproduction, and as to the technical process that should be adopted to give to the picture its due value. He is equally interested with the purchaser in the success of the work, and he possesses a knowledge of the means by which success may be attained, which the purchaser cannot boast, and from the point of view of the public, therefore, he is obviously the person in whom the right of engraving should be vested.

#### THE FAILURES OF 1878.

BANKRUPTCY statistics of recent date are of special interest just now, as they enable us to trace the progress hitherto of the crisis through which we are passing, and help us in some measure to forecast its probable future course. In the inflation period that followed the Franco-German war, it was inevitable that much bad business should be engaged in. The characteristics of that period were a sanguine expectation of prospering in every undertaking, and a consequent readiness to embark on rash enterprises. Vast loans were advanced to bankrupt States and Companies that had no reasonable prospect of success; a wild speculative spirit got possession of Germany and Austria, and in both those Empires, as well as in Russia and the United States, there was a reckless over-construction of railways. It could not but be that there should be in those years an accumulation of bad business, which required to be cleared off when the crash came. A writer in the *Statist* has pointed out another cause of rash trading. The heads of our great financial and commercial firms are changed very often. They generally realize fortunes quickly, and retire to enjoy them early. On an average, this writer estimates, they do not remain in office more than ten years. Their successors have to buy caution by experience, and at first they are over-ready to embrace specious and risky proposals. But, without further investigation of causes, we may take it as proved that, when the prevailing depression set in, there was an extensive liquidation to be effected. The important question now is, has the process been brought to an end? It is almost five and a half years since the panic in New York which caused widespread ruin in the United States, and which five or six weeks later was followed by such a perturbation in our own money market that the Bank rate was raised to 9 per cent., 50 per cent. above the highest point in the late crisis. It would seem, therefore, that abundance of time has elapsed to allow of the completion of the liquidation. But it is to be borne in mind that the disturbance of the money market in November 1873 was caused quite as much by the German withdrawals of gold as by the American panic, and that, in fact, there was at the time no crisis in this country. The progress of our trade was slackened for a while, but that was all. Consequently the clearing off of bad business did not begin at that time, nor for long afterwards. The statistics of failures will enable us to see this very plainly. Those collected by Mr. Richard Seyd we shall use for the past year. For previous years we shall take as our authority a circular issued last April by Messrs. John Kemp and Co. And we shall compare these with the American statistics published by Messrs. Dun, Barlow, and Co.

We find, then, that in 1867 the total number of failures in England and Wales was 15,850, and that in 1869 they rose to 16,518. In the following year they dropped to less than half as many, or 8,151, and they remained at very nearly that figure during the two following years. In 1873 they began to increase; and, for three years remaining a little above 9,000, they in 1876 jumped up to 10,848, in 1877 to 11,247, and last year they reached 15,059. It will be seen that, great as is the increase upon 1872—which, judged by bankruptcy statistics, was the most prosperous year of the period included in our review—the number of failures in 1878 was still much under that of 1869. What inference are we to draw from this fact? Is it that the depression which followed the Overend failure was more extreme than the present? In commenting upon Mr. Giffen's paper on the fall of prices a fortnight ago, we saw that one list used by him suggested that the fall of prices also was heavier at that period, which, taken along with the conclusion we have just arrived at, would go to prove that the depression was really more severe. But just as we saw that the omission of the metals from the list in question exaggerated the fall which had actually occurred, so here we discover a cause of error in these statistics of failures. The Bankruptcy Act of 1861 was unduly favourable to debtors, and as it disappeared from the Statute Book at the end of 1869, there was a rush towards the close of that

year of dishonest debtors to avail themselves of its advantages. The figures of 1869 are, therefore, higher than they ought to be. Making allowance for this circumstance, 1868 would seem to furnish the greatest number of failures—greater even than 1878, notwithstanding the growth of wealth, population, and trade in the interval. It is possible that the different Bankruptcy Acts in force in the two years may account for this. On the other hand, it is to be noted that 1868 was the second year after the Overend panic. Are we to infer, therefore, that the full effects of the Glasgow Bank crisis have not yet been realized, and that 1879 will show an increase of failures upon 1878? Whatever answer is to be returned to this question, it is to be observed that the year of maximum bankruptcies was the turning-point in our trade, that in 1870 the revival was manifest, and that shortly afterwards we were in the midst of that extraordinary prosperity which Mr. Gladstone described as advancing "by leaps and bounds." From this we may draw the encouraging conclusion that the liquidation which is going on was indispensable, and that its completion, now nearly attained, may possibly usher in the revival for which we have so long been looking.

Turning now to Messrs. Dun, Barlow, and Co.'s American statistics, we find them precisely similar to those we have been examining. In the United States also 1872 was the year of fewest bankruptcies. It does not follow, of course, that that was the most prosperous year, only that it was the year in which the pressure upon debtors was least, in which credit was most easily obtained, and consequently there was the smallest need for suspension. And it is a remarkable proof of the commercial solidarity of nations in our day that on both sides of the Atlantic the same year witnessed not only the same facility of credit, but its manifestation in the same form—a minimum number of failures. That number in the United States was 4,089; in 1873, 5,183; in 1874, 5,830. The small increase in the year after the great panic will be noted, but the augmentations were then more rapid, being in the years that followed successively, 7,740, 9,082, 8,872, and 10,478. Here, again, as with ourselves, the full effects of the depression have only gradually made themselves felt. But whereas in our case the movement has been constantly ascendent, in the United States there was a slight diminution in 1877, followed by a large increase, the maximum being reached there likewise in 1878. One explanation of this is that the American bankruptcy law was repealed last year, and, as happened with ourselves ten years ago, there was a rush of debtors to take advantage of its provisions. The numbers last year, therefore, are too high. Thus it is probable that in the United States the turning-point has been passed, and that a revival has begun. The exceptionally bountiful crops of all kinds during the last two years have contributed to help the Americans over their difficulties. The great demand in Europe for their produce, and the blockade of the South Russian ports during the war, have made these harvests exceptionally profitable. The prosperity of the United States will react upon this country. The prohibitive tariff will weaken the effect no doubt; still it is certain that, as wealth pours in upon the farmers in return for the corn and cotton, the pork and beef, the tobacco and sugar they have sold, they will begin to buy English goods more largely, and thus to give employment to our manufacturers.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature in last year's statistics is the proportionately much greater increase in the failures of retail dealers and professional men than in those of manufacturers, financial houses, and wholesale dealers. The bankruptcies of the latter class rose from 2,172 in 1877 to 2,643 last year, or about 21½ per cent.; those of the former class from 8,850 to 12,416, or about 40½ per cent. The increase in the retail trades and amongst professional and working people was therefore nearly twice as great. One would have expected the contrary. We hear of mills stopped, of furnaces blown out, of mines closed, of stocks nevertheless accumulating, of prices falling until they leave little or no margin above the cost of production. We look, therefore, for widespread embarrassment among manufacturers. And the banking crisis, by diminishing the accommodation to be obtained from bankers, would lead us to anticipate an aggravation of that embarrassment. Retail dealers, on the other hand, have now no need to keep very large stocks. Railways and the telegraph enable them to supply themselves as they may require, and thus save them from the necessity of buying in a falling market. Besides, the fall of prices has been slight in retail trade. It is the wholesale trades and the manufacture that are affected by it. We suppose the explanation of the puzzle is that the general trade of the country has been carried on upon sound principles; that, although such firms as those bolstered up by the Glasgow Bank needed to be swept away, the bad business was very small in proportion to the good. Consequently, traders who had not committed themselves to rash speculations had larger resources to draw upon. And successive reductions of wages had adjusted, step by step, the cost of production to the prevailing prices; so that merchants in general did not suffer actual loss. But the main point is that the extreme depression to which we have referred is confined to a very few great industries—iron, coal, cotton, and farming. Outside these there has been stationarity rather than depression, and the business done has been fairly prosperous. As regards the great increase of failures among small people, it is due, we apprehend, to the fact that they are small. In their day of prosperity they laid by nothing, and when the pinch came they succumbed. The numerous discharges of workpeople, the reduction of wages, and the prolonged strikes, also told heavily upon the struggling shopkeepers. Depression is not felt by the working

classes until it has lasted for some time. Employers shrink from trade disputes as long as they can; they know all the suffering entailed by them, and they hope that business will soon become brisk again, and save them from the necessity of acting harshly. Over-production and fall of prices go on, therefore, for a long time before the consequences are experienced by the workmen. But when they have reached a certain point, great establishments are closed or run short time, wages are cut down unsparsely, and hands are discharged in multitudes. This of course reacts upon the retail dealers who depend on the working classes. But when matters have reached this length we may reasonably hope that the depression is drawing to an end. The employers of labour have adjusted the cost of production to existing circumstances, and are prepared once more to produce at a profit. In the United States the same process has been gone through. Although, as we have seen, the number of failures was last year twice those of 1873, the liabilities of the bankrupts were but a trifle greater. It was the small people, not the captains of industry, who went down.

#### THE CARL ROSA OPERAS.

ON last Monday week the opera of *Rienzi*, by Herr Richard Wagner, was introduced for the first time to a London audience by Mr. Carl Rosa, who is repeating his former successes on smaller stages at Her Majesty's Theatre; and on the following Wednesday *Piccolino*, by M. Ernest Guiraud, was performed—a work also new to an English audience. It may be well to begin by considering the less known work.

M. Ernest Guiraud, the composer of *Piccolino*, was born in New Orleans in 1837. He studied music at the Conservatoire at Paris, where he gained the Prix de Rome, and he is at present the Professor of Harmony at that institution. Although a composer of great promise, his name was known only to the few until the year 1876, when *Piccolino* made its appearance at the Opéra Comique in Paris, and was very favourably received. In the beginning of this year Mr. Rosa produced this opera in Dublin, and the success it then gained may be the reason of its re-production in London. The libretto—neither a striking nor original one, though well suited for a light opera—is the joint work of MM. Victorien Sardou and C. Nuitier, adapted for the English stage by Mr. Sydney Samuel, and runs as follows:—Marthe, the ward of a Swiss pastor, named Ziegler, loves Frederic Auvray, a volatile French artist, who, regardless of his promise to marry her, has gone she knows not whither. The first scene opens with Christmas festivities at the pastor's house, which are interrupted by the arrival of three travellers who have lost their way. These prove to be three friends of the artist Frederic Auvray, who are going to meet him at Rome. Marthe, overhearing their conversation, and learning that he is at Rome, determines to follow her lost love. Disguised as a boy she finds him at Tivoli, where he is staying in the hopes of gaining the affections of the Countess Elena Strozzi, a fair Italian noble. Of course Frederic takes a fancy to the boy, and after taking a portrait of him, prevails upon him to become a pupil, christening him at the same time Piccolino instead of Antonio, the name chosen by Marthe. Elena's brother, the Duke, enraged at Auvray's attentions to his sister, employs an assassin to rid him of the painter, a crime which is frustrated by Piccolino, who receives the blow intended for her lover. The scene then changes to Auvray's studio at Rome during the Carnival, where the students are disturbed at their work by an invasion of clowns, harlequins, &c., who make merry at their expense. When they are gone a bouquet is discovered on the floor which Piccolino picks up and refuses to give to Frederic. In this bouquet Piccolino finds a note to Auvray from the Countess, who in no very long time after presents herself at the studio masked. Piccolino purposely mistakes her for a model, and treats her very rudely, which makes the Countess declare herself, and then follows the best scene in the whole opera. Piccolino confesses that she is woman, and Auvray's intended wife, while Elena treats the assertion with scorn. Indignation gives way to treachery, and on her knees Piccolino begs Elena to be merciful, and not to rob her of her lover. Suddenly Duke Strozzi and Frederic make their appearance, and Elena seeks refuge in an adjoining room. In a thinly disguised allegory the Duke gives Auvray to understand that if he does not desist from his attentions to the Countess she will have to retire to a nunnery, and end her days there. In desperation Auvray determines at all hazards to elope with Elena, who, however, seems not of the same mind, according to a polite note which Auvray finds in the next room. With the natural inconsiderateness of a lover, he turns upon poor Piccolino, and bids the boy depart from his presence for ever, as he has always been unfortunate since he met him. Piccolino, or Marthe, in despair goes out and throws herself into the Tiber, and Auvray on his way to elope with Elena is met by some men bearing a half-drowned woman. The boatman who saved her presents Frederic with a ring (within which is engraved "Marthe—Frederic"), which he had taken from her finger. Softened by the devotion of the little Swiss maiden, Frederic gives up his idea of elopement, and offers up a prayer for Marthe's recovery instead. This of course takes place; and Marthe, dressed as a woman, rushes into Auvray's arms; and all ends happily.

When we say that M. Guiraud's music is well suited to the libretto, we do not feel that we are overloading it with praise;

and, indeed, we cannot help thinking that the composer is capable of producing better work than he has chosen to give us in this opera. He seems to be afraid of writing too well. For instance, in the overture, we have a subject in fugue form introduced; but suddenly M. Guiraud becomes ashamed of it, and lapses into the tamest of opera-bouffe styles. The effect is absurd. The attempt at fugue was unnecessary; but, once having introduced it, he might as well carry it out, as Mozart does in the *Flauto Magico*. Several times during the performance of this work the thought recurred to us that M. Guiraud was writing down to a popular level, and did not dare to do his best. The music suffers doubtless from the interruption of the very copious dialogue, which makes *Piccolino* rather a play with incidental music than an opera. The duet for Elena and Frederic, the serenade, and *Piccolino's* song "Sorrento," all in the second act, are perhaps the best pieces in the opera; while in the song, "It was a Shepherd Maiden," M. Guiraud has shown what he can do as an arranger of a favourite and well-known theme; but the music generally is weak and devoid of dramatic interest.

The acting of Miss Julia Gaylord deserves the highest praise, as does her singing. From first to last she displayed much artistic power, and in the scene with Elena, and in the subsequent one where Auvray dismisses her, she showed considerable talent as a tragic actress. Mr. Packard, though suffering from a cold, sustained the part of Auvray with success. Miss Georgina Burns was an efficient Countess, and Messrs. Charles Lyall, Leslie Crotty, and Snaezelle, did the best they could for their respective parts. From *Piccolino* to *Rienzi* is a pleasant change. It has always struck us as remarkable that *Rienzi* has not before been brought to the notice of the English public, for of all Herr Wagner's works it is the only one, unless we count the *Flying Dutchman*, that can be called an opera in the sense in which that word is generally used, the latter efforts of that great composer being rather musico-dramatic poems. *Rienzi* was written, as Herr Wagner himself tells us, when he was at Paris, under the influence of the grand opera, and the traditions of Meyerbeer and Spontini; but, nevertheless, there are strong indications of the independent genius that, at a later period, produced *Lohengrin*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Tristan and Isolde*. Although he distinctly tells us that *Rienzi* is not of the same family as his later works, yet it is to this opera that Herr Wagner owes his first introduction to the world as a composer of the first rank. It may be remembered that Weber always spoke badly of *Der Freischütz*.

Completed in 1841, the score of *Rienzi* was rejected by one opera director after another until, in the spring of 1842, Herr Wagner had the gratification of hearing that it was accepted at Dresden, where, on the 19th October in the same year, it was produced. Since that time it has grown in the favour of the German public, and still holds its place in the répertoires of the principal opera houses in that country. The story of the opera is compiled from the novel of the late Lord Lytton; and, as in all his other works, Herr Wagner is his own librettist. The translation of the German words has been entrusted to Mr. John P. Jackson, the adapter of the *Flying Dutchman*, who has done his work with great judgment. The first act opens in the Piazza of S. Giovanni Laterano, where *Rienzi's* house stands. The Prince Orsini has succeeded in intercepting Irene, *Rienzi's* sister; and, in carrying her off, is met by Adriano Colonna and a party of his followers, when a street fight ensues. Adriano takes Irene under his protection, and the Orsini and Colonna factions continue their fight, when *Rienzi* appears, and, aided by the populace, puts an end to the riot. Upbraiding the nobles for their disgraceful conduct to his sister, denouncing their lawlessness and licence, and contrasting the former glories of Rome with its present degradation, he closes his speech with the indignant exclamation, "Banditti! Tell me. Are there yet Romans?" The incensed nobles determine to continue the fight outside the walls of the city, whither they repair, and *Rienzi* closes the gates upon them. After a scene, in which Adriano declares his love for Irene, a chorus is heard from within the Basilica, and *Rienzi*, appearing in armour upon the steps, is hailed by the people as Rome's deliverer. In the next act we find ourselves in a large reception-hall in the Capitol. Messengers of peace arrive to inform the Tribune that "Freedom reigns o'er all the land," and the vanquished nobles return to pay their homage to *Rienzi*. But all this outward show of peace is only intended to conceal a deep plot that the nobles have concocted against the Tribune's life, which Orsini in the next scene undertakes to carry out, despite the vehement opposition of Adriano. *Rienzi*, warned by Adriano, at the banquet given to the nobles and ambassadors, points to the coat of mail he wears under his robes, by which means the attempt is rendered unsuccessful. The nobility acknowledging their responsibility for the deed are condemned to death. A very touching scene follows, in which Adriano and Irene plead for the life of old Colonna, and the result is that *Rienzi* persuades the people to pardon the conspirators. The third act opens with a chorus announcing that the nobles have fled from Rome, and are collecting their forces without the walls, awaiting an opportunity to attack. In answer to the call of the people, *Rienzi* appears mounted on horseback, and delivers the celebrated battle hymn "Santo spirto cavaliere," and with much martial music and clash of arms the soldiers depart for the battle-field. The last act, a wisely condensed version of Herr Wagner's fourth and fifth acts, shows us the discontent of the people at *Rienzi's* government, which has already lost the support of the Church and is threatened by the Kaiser. The victory gained over the nobles seems to have

damped the ardour of the ecclesiastics in favour of free Rome, and to counteract its influence in *Rienzi's* favour, the papal legate, Raimondo, denounces him as he is about to enter the Lateran at the head of a triumphant procession. *Rienzi*, struck dumb, as it were, at the awful sentence of excommunication, falls down upon the steps of the church, while the people fly from his presence with horror. Irene, however, is strong in support of her brother, and although Adriano entreats her to leave the outcast and to fly with him to safety, with the fortitude of a Roman woman she repulses him and rushes into *Rienzi's* arms. "Rome is not yet dead," cries the Tribune, reanimated by the heroism of his sister. The second scene of this act contains the celebrated prayer, in which *Rienzi* implores the Almighty to strengthen him in the hour of danger, to lead him to do what is right and just, and to save Rome from sinking into the degradation he had raised her from. Another attempt by Adriano to persuade Irene to leave her brother brings us to the last scene of the opera. The infuriated populace have surrounded the Capitol and clamour for vengeance, as *Rienzi*, clad in armour, steps out to address them. His voice is drowned in the roar of the mob. He sees the flames bursting out on every side of him. The Capitol on fire, the people against him, there is nothing to do but to die, and to die like a Roman:—

Let death, yes, death and destruction come,  
So wills the Roman folk once more.

With these words the curtain falls.

*Rienzi* is essentially an opera of choruses, relieved by a few declamatory passages, which at first appear somewhat uninteresting. At the same time this opera, like most of Meyerbeer's operas, is by no means one to be judged of by a first hearing. The airs in many cases come upon us without the customary introduction of a few bars of music, which divide them from the recitative, tending, perhaps, to make them less important than they would otherwise be. And this may account for the criticism we overheard on Thursday night, that there was not a tune in the whole piece. We venture to think that a second hearing may correct this judgment. The duet between Irene and Adriano, the song of the Messenger of Peace, Adriano's song in the third act, and *Rienzi's* Prayer (which, by the by, we are not so enthusiastic about as some are), are full of very charming melody and will repay study. The managers are to be congratulated upon the way in which they have placed *Rienzi* upon the stage. The scenery and costumes are new and tasteful, and, as a spectacular display, the opera may be considered a great success. A little more drilling on the part of the chorus will doubtless get rid of the confusion in the grand ballet scene; and a better knowledge of their parts will improve the street fight in the first act, where, on Thursday night, the combatants appeared much more anxious to attend to the conductor's beat than to defend themselves against their adversaries. Mr. Rosa has reduced his orchestra to a minimum, and, as the reduction is in the string parts, an undue prominence is given to the wind instruments, which increases the already too brazen effects in Herr Wagner's score. The noise in the battle-hymn scene is deafening. At the same time, all praise is due to the orchestra under Mr. Carl Rosa for the conscientious way in which they rendered the very difficult music entrusted to their performance.

Mr. Maas's singing in the part of *Rienzi* deserved great praise. Although his voice is hardly fitted for so large a house as Her Majesty's, it is of a rich and sympathetic quality, and well suited for the declamatory passages the opera contains. A little more vigour in his acting would be an improvement. Those who have seen Tichatscheck in the part will remember the effect produced by his entry in the first scene amidst the fighting *nobili*, and will regret that Mr. Maas should have lost so excellent a point. In the other scenes the forced stateliness of his acting is more in keeping with the character of the new-made Tribune. In the address to the people in the second scene of the first act, and in his speech beginning, "In Roma's name welcome to all" in the second act, Mr. Maas's singing appears to the greatest advantage, while in the Prayer he showed some high powers of vocalization. Irene fell to the lot of Mme. Crosmont, who rendered a not very interesting part in an artistic manner. Mme. Vanzini appeared as Adriano. Her voice is perhaps better suited to the requirements of so large a theatre as Her Majesty's than any of the others engaged in the principal parts of *Rienzi*. It is the more to be regretted that her intonation should have been somewhat unsteady throughout, and that in her great song she not only lost herself so much that nothing short of Mr. Carl Rosa's presence of mind could have saved the situation, but attempted to repair the error by introducing a cadenza of her own invention. The composer is exacting enough towards his performers, and would, we feel sure, resent any embellishments added to his writing even by the most finished of bravura singers. Mr. George Olmi and Mr. W. Bolton, as Colonna and Orsini, sustained their parts with credit, while Miss Georgina Burns's rendering of the melodious Peace Messenger's Song did not meet with the applause it deserved. Taken, as a whole, we may congratulate Mr. Rosa upon the complete success of at any rate one of his novelties for the season.

On Tuesday evening *Faust* was given, with Mr. Packard as Faust, Mme. Helen Crosmont as Marguerite, Mr. Celli as Mephistopheles, Messrs. Leslie Crotty and Leaky as Valentine and Wagner, and Misses Josephine Yorke and Ella Collins as Siebel and Martha. It will be enough to say that we have seen better and worse representations of this favourite opera, although there

were many points for which it deserved praise. Mr. Celli's voice is well suited to his part, and his acting is creditable. All the performers, however, laboured under the disadvantage of the unavoidable comparisons which rise up in the minds of an audience who have seen the leading operatic singers of the world in the same parts upon the same stage. A great deal of latitude is therefore a necessity in judging of last Tuesday's performance. Mme. Crosmont's Marguerite was a pleasing rendering of the part, while Mr. Crotty's singing as Valentine showed him to be capable of sustaining a leading part in a serious opera.

Mr. Rosa's semi-novelty of *Carmen* in English was the opera for Wednesday, and the announcement that it was to be degraded to the rank of a dialogue opera created some alarm amongst the lovers of Bizet's masterpiece. An agreeable disappointment, however, was the result. It is true that dialogue has been introduced, but with such judgment that the effect as a whole is in no way seriously impaired. After the artistic impersonation of the gipsy girl made familiar to us by Mme. Trebelli, Mme. Selina Dolaro's rendering was anxiously looked for, although of course a strict comparison between them would be unjust. The new *Carmen* is a passionate, wayward girl, giving free scope to her own desires, and impatient of restraint from any quarter, but at the same time a little more inclined to violence of action than the character warrants. Miss Julia Gaylord as Micaela gained the applause she deserved, not only for her admirable singing, but for her powerful delineation of the part. Signor Leli sustained the part of Jose with considerable success, while Mr. Walter Bolton as Escamillo delivered with much spirit the now celebrated song of the Toreador. The singing of Misses Yorke and Burns was also worthy of praise. The other parts fell to Messrs. Lyall, Snazelle, Pope, and Cadwalader. To the excellent conducting of Signor Randegger, however, may be mainly attributed the complete success that the new version of *Carmen* attained on Wednesday night.

## REVIEWS.

### THE ENGLISH CHURCH IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.\*

**I**N a brief and modest preface "the authors of this work" say that "some years have elapsed since they first conceived the idea of writing upon certain aspects of religious life and thought in the eighteenth century," and their volumes show that the interval has been employed in careful study and examination of a very wide range of literature belonging to the subject. They add that, "if the ground is no longer so unoccupied as it was then, it appears to them that there is still abundant room for the book which they now lay before the public." This is almost too unassuming an introduction to a work which is manifestly an important and much-needed contribution to English Church history. The eighteenth century has popularly been regarded as a kind of ecclesiastical night intervening between two days, and some sort of excuse has hitherto been possible for the neglect of its history, because no sufficiently condensed guidance has been available for its connected study; while, on the other hand, the want of any general interest in the subject may be supposed to have reacted upon historical writers, and to have discouraged them from undertaking a task which seemed to promise so little appreciative recognition. To both the great divisions of current ecclesiastical thought the last century has presented an unattractive, if not even a repulsive, aspect. To the Evangelical it has exhibited the Church of England as spiritually dead; to the disciple of the great Oxford movement, as Erastian, Hanoverian, or whatever else may designate a total eclipse of true Church tone and feeling. Accordingly, while one party has thrown back its interest by a long and unbroken flight to the Reformation—the Puritan period having too strong an affinity with modern Dissent to afford a resting-place—the "Tractarian" sought refuge in the Stuart days of the Church of England; and, at least in the early days of the movement, was content to accept that period as sufficient for his need. That Stuart churchmanship has not satisfied the cravings of a later generation is not to our present purpose. To both parties the eighteenth century ecclesiastically was, like the interregnum of the Commonwealth to monarchists, so much time in parenthesis or non-existent; and was most closely represented, perhaps, in idea by the "lost eleven days" which marked its course midway. When the present century had reached its turning-point, and Oxford undergraduates were more actively engaged in theological polemics than are their competition-ridden successors of the present time, a "man" who cared anything about the Church of a hundred years earlier would have been looked on as a specimen to be placed in a museum; and the classman whom no examiner could floor in his "Butler" would have gazed across the table in blank dismay at a question as to the Bishop's diocese or date. It is not, therefore, without an intelligible curiosity that we search the opening pages of this History to ascertain the motives or circumstances which led Mr. Abbey and Mr. Overton to undertake a work which bears evidence of many years of reading and

thought before the task of writing began. As they do not satisfy this curiosity, we can only hazard a probable conjecture. At the date to which we have referred, the scholars' table in almost every college was marked, at least in common fame, by some special and traditional character of its own. The aesthetic type, as expressed by the talk "at Trinity wines, about Gothic buildings and beauty," has acquired a classical fame; and in the more retired quadrangles of "the Turl," the contemporary scholars of Lincoln bore a reputation for hard thinking and solid work. Of this body Mr. Abbey and Mr. Overton were members, both taking high honours and graduating in 1856 and 1858. It will be in the recollection of our readers that the "Tendencies of Religious Thought in England from 1688 to 1750" formed the subject of the Rector of Lincoln's contribution to a volume much discussed some years since; and it is amusing to find in the preface to his pupils' work the repetition of a statement which at that time was criticized with extraordinary bitterness, but which is now as simple as it is natural, that the authors' "desire to be responsible each for his own opinions only," and have therefore marked each chapter with the initials of its writer. As they have taken consistent pains to present their readers with facts as little as possible marked by the expression of their own opinions, the slight differences which may be detected in the points of view taken by each writer increase rather than diminish the general clearness of the work. Certain discrepancies in form, indeed, are not found to be due to this cause, and it may be by an oversight that the "Revolution" is in some places dated as "of 1688" and in others "of 1689." It would be more convenient to adhere to the former and usual date, which under the old style covered the whole period of the Revolution.

If we may hazard the conjecture, we should trace the origin of this valuable book to the abiding memories which associate the Foundation of Bishop Fleming with one of the greatest names in the Church history of the eighteenth century—the Scholar and Fellow of Lincoln College, John Wesley, of whose life, character, and work an admirable sketch has been drawn by Mr. Overton in his chapter on "The Evangelical Revival." This chapter, with that written by Mr. Abbey on "Church Fabrics and Church Services," and indeed nearly the whole of the second volume which includes them, will attract the interest of general readers as well as the attention of historical students. Men whose earliest years were passed under Evangelical influences, before the Oxford movement had spread from the common-room to the country, will remember the entangled maze of contradictory opinions which seemed to create separations and heartburnings among those who professed to be united under the same standard of the Gospel, and which were to children's minds as confused as they were unintelligible. A new company of apostles, living or departed, had arisen; all alike were held in a reverence denied to any others—sane to some few of the Reformers—outside the Bible records; and yet these men, or many of them, were commonly spoken of as leaders of sections in bitter discord on questions of the most vital religious moment. Mr. Overton's careful analysis reduces all this perplexity into order and shape. Dividing the general subject of the Evangelical revival into the three heads of (1) the Methodist movement, (2) the Calvinistic controversy, (3) the Evangelical school, as first known by that designation, he has traced the influence of all the parts upon the whole, and has introduced separate and well-drawn notices of every one with any claim to be a leader, and of several of the more prominent followers, in the great spiritual reaction from the more dry and rigid habit of thought which had given to the early part of the century the name of "seculum rationalisticum." Mr. Abbey has applied to ritual the same method of analysis which his colleague has used with reference to doctrine. The ardent undergraduates who once constituted themselves the exponents of Church principles, first to their sisters and cousins, and through them to be-nighted parishioners, and who, it is to be feared, were better read in Mr. Paget's stories than in the *Tracts for the Times*, would have summarized their account of ritual, as inherited from the last century, in very brief form. There had been, they supposed, no ritual at all, and in fact they never used the word, which is of much more recent introduction into common language. They regarded the church-order of the whole Hanoverian period as one unbroken system of whitewash, Tate and Brady, and the Lion and Unicorn. The true record of gradual change and decadence, with occasional and more or less successful effort to preserve or restore earlier usages, is given by Mr. Abbey in great minuteness of detail; and the arrangement of the Table of Contents for this chapter, which closes the work, will probably secure the first attention of many readers, as a subject of most immediate interest.

Among the commonplaces of popular oratory it has been customary to insist on a certain rooted and inbred detestation for "Popery" as an element in the English character; and experience has shown that a No-Popery agitation may be worked in our own time with telling and mischievous effect. But the cause of this phenomenon is not matter of such general agreement as is the fact of its existence; and much help is given by the authors of these volumes towards an impartial examination of the question. To some minds the solution appears so obviously religious or doctrinal that any discussion relating to it is held to be superfluous or disloyal; but it cannot be accepted as a truth universally evident that Roman Catholic doctrine or worship is essentially at variance with the character of the great mass of the English people. The theory that "the fires of Smithfield have burnt too deeply into the memories of Englishmen to be forgotten" may be

\* *The English Church in the Eighteenth Century.* By Charles J. Abbey, Rector of Checkendon, Oxon., late Fellow of University College, Oxford; and John H. Overton, Vicar of Legbourne, Lincolnshire, late Scholar of Lincoln College, Oxford. Longmans & Co.

rhetorically effective; but, apart from the inquiry whether this form of public execution did really excite any deep popular horror at the time, it may be asked whether any one does practically believe that, if Cardinal Manning were now reigning at Lambeth instead of Dr. Tait, the existing chances of the burning, say of Lord Shaftesbury, before the gates either of Balliol or of Victoria Park, would be in the slightest degree affected? Among those who hold the "No-Popery cry" to represent a political and not a religious sentiment of the English people, it has been not uncommon to trace back its source to the days of Henry VIII. and of Elizabeth, as expressing the resistance of a proud and independent nation both to Papal interference in public affairs and to the formidable power of Spain. Such a motive may have existed, and yet may in time have exhausted its force; but the revival of the same feeling in a very intense form during the eighteenth century is described by the authors of this work in connexion with the prevailing anti-Jacobite sentiment, and with the support accorded to the exiled dynasty by France. The latest phase of the Vicar of Bray's ecclesiastical principles was, it will be recollect, the abjuration of "the Pope and the Pretender." Whether the nation can ever again be stirred by a tempest resembling the "Papal Aggression" movement of 1850 remains to be tested by the course of events.

The subject of "Church Cries" and that of "Church Abuses" are dealt with in two chapters contributed by Mr. Overton, while Mr. Abbey has supplied an essay of great interest upon the Sacred Poetry and Hymnology of the century. To readers who are unable to follow the authors through the intricate and uninviting controversies of the earlier half of the period, of which the history is given in the first volume, the changing character of the poetry and of the hymns of the century as it advanced will present a sufficiently clear view of its contrasts of religious thought and life. To the balanced and correct, if rather cold and formal, rhythm which accompanied the prose of the Essayists and the logic of the Trinitarian and Deist controversies succeeded the fervent spiritual outpourings of the Evangelical revival—rude and inartistic at times, subjective in undue measure, occasionally sensuous, and sometimes carrying familiarity with things divine almost across the boundary of reverence, but heartfelt and sincere throughout. The impulse which has driven the Old and New Versions alike, first from the "singing gallery" and then from the Prayer-Book, originated not in the stately stanzas of Addison and Pope, but in the eager and unequal verses of Watts, Doddridge, Charles Wesley, and their followers, among whom Watts belongs to the earlier portion of the century, but, like many other writers and thinkers, may be regarded as having lived in advance of his time. The exigencies of hymn-writing necessarily involved great license in respect of strict poetical laws, and opened the way to a simpler and more natural style in verse than had formerly been allowed. Liberties were taken with the customary rules of rhyme which, except in satire, had been inadmissible before; and it is not matter for wonder that some protest under this head should be put on record by Mr. Abbey. But we think it hardly fair to Toplady that he should be singled out to bear this burden of censure. Mr. Abbey has not even the plea which justified a county historian of 1780 in hanging upon one unhappy parish and its church the weight of his strictures on the ecclesiastical neglect and slovenliness which he saw all round him. That parish was the first in the alphabetical order of the county, and the antiquary, who only delivered his soul, as he confessed, on this the earliest opportunity, remained unforgiven in the parish at a very recent date, if he is not still. Toplady only wrote the same rhymes as his fellows; and, bad enough as some of them were, his critic has laid himself open to a distinct charge of inconsistency in adducing as one instance of Toplady's "carelessness" the rhyme of "given" with "heaven." Right or wrong as this may be in theory, it is universal in practice. It closes the two fine hymns for the dead, by Watts and C. Wesley, which Mr. Abbey marks with deserved appreciation; it appears in a stanza quoted later from Burns; and it is sanctioned by the authority of Milman, of Heber, and of Keble. But perhaps no strict canons of rhyme can ever be laid down. A wide borderland must be left for the play of personal fancy, unfettered by any reasons given or asked. We could not ourselves account by any logical process for the feeling that the rhyme of "even" with "heaven" in a well-known Pentecostal hymn is harmonious, while that of "Stephen" mars the stirring song of triumph of the Moravians by a discord at its close.

We commend these instructive volumes to the attention of theological students, especially those in the Universities. Historically they exhibit the links which connect the Church of England in our own day with the past; and, practically continuing the narrative to the close of the "Georgian Age" in 1830, they bring out into startling relief the change which the last half-century has wrought, and thus supply a wide base of experience on which to found a thoughtful estimate of the probable or possible future.

#### MOLIÈRE.\*

MOLIÈRE is, after Shakespeare, the writer who most successfully baffles the biographer. Absorbed in observing the humours and fortunes of men, *le contemporain*, as he was called, did not care to leave any records of his personal history

\* *Molière*. By Mrs. Oiphant and F. Tarver, M.A. "Foreign Classics for English Readers." Blackwood & Sons. 1879.

and feelings. The ceaseless labours of the author, the actor, the manager, the arranger of musical interludes, the Court official, left him no time to write about himself. His longest autograph does not exceed six lines, and is a receipt for money. If Molière "made little marvel of his own fortune," his contemporaries were still less concerned with his authentic history. A few friends preserved anecdotes; a number of foes lied, sneered, and garbled; a faithful comrade, La Grange, collaborating probably with Marcel, composed the brief sketch which heads the edition of 1682. The posthumous persecutors of the poet robbed us of the one careful and satisfactory biography which Boileau helped to compile. From a letter of Thierry, the Paris publisher (one of the booksellers who brought out the shabby edition of 1681), we have lately learned this great loss. Writing to a customer on January 5, 1686, Thierry says, "You cannot get the works of Molière in two folio volumes which the company meant to publish. Only the preface and the Life of Molière have been printed, and when the proof sheets were sent to the censorship, so many passages were expunged that M. Boileau and the other friends of the poet who worked at the biography have refused to go on with it. There have also been difficulties about the *privilége*. When you come here in October you may see the proofs." Great would be the joy among *Molièristes* if the proofs of this lost biography could only be found. In place of Boileau's work we have only the book that Boileau condemned, the timid, garrulous, and inaccurate *Vie de M. de Molière* of Grimarest (1705). The notes of Bayle, and the biography ascribed to Bruzen de la Martinière (1725), with the notice by Titon du Tillet (1732), and the letters by a daughter of Molière's comrade Du Croisy (*Mercure de France*, May and June, 1640), contribute a number of anecdotes and describe some personal traits. By help of these materials and of countless satires, libels, legal documents, the *Archives de la Comédie Française*, parish registers, and other scattered papers, the biography of Molière has to be written.

Even this brief enumeration, though it does not give a fair idea of the multitude and miscellaneous nature of early writings on Molière, proves that Mrs. Oiphant and Mr. Tarver have attempted a difficult task. They have tried to compile a brief sketch of the poet's history and to make a short estimate of his genius. This book is one of the class which those who run are supposed to have time to read. To make it what it ought to be, great literary tact and sympathy are needed, in combination with rather wide and careful reading. The works of the eighteenth century on Molière—the works of gossip, reminiscence, anecdote—are a mere handful compared to the voluminous researches of the nineteenth century. The old biographers collected tattle; the new specialists pass their lives in the offices of notaries and the archives of parishes. Befara gave the example, and after him M. Soulié (*Recherches sur Molière*, 1863) was the most successful labourer. He printed sixty-five original documents—wills, baptismal registers, marriage settlements, inventories, and so forth. Since M. Soulié's great work was published, M. Lacroix has compiled his invaluable *Bibliographie* and *Iconographie*—volumes full of facts and hints—and has printed a *Collection Molérienne*, to which he means to add a new set of reprints. M. Bonnassies and M. Livet have edited, with serviceable notes, *La Famille Comédienne*—a disgusting libel on Molière and his wife, which has been impudently attributed to La Fontaine and to Racine. M. Campardon has twice published collections of documents discovered by himself; various inquirers have grubbed up traces of Molière's early years of strolling in Languedoc and elsewhere. M. Loiseleur has minutely investigated *Les Points Obscurs dans la Vie de Molière*; the *Registre de La Grange* has been reprinted; and, above all, the regretted M. Despois wrote his delightful volume on *Le Théâtre Français sous Louis XIV.* (1874), and enriched the edition of Molière in the series of *Les Grands Écrivains de la France* with erudite and ample notes. We can only mention the researches of M. Louis Lacour, M. Thoinan, M. Fournel, and the rest.

This enumeration of documents and authorities is not made without a purpose. We are naming the works that the authors of *Molière* have too much neglected. They base their book on the biography by M. Moland (1863) and the critical sketch of M. Bazin (the second edition is of 1851); and they even speak of M. Bazin's "careful examination into . . . all the documents on record." Now M. Bazin died before 1850, and M. Moland had not the chance of using M. Soulié's "epoch-making" collection of documents. Thus he dates in 1645 the formation of Molière's company of young actors—*L'Illustré Théâtre*. Documents, however, prove that *L'Illustré Théâtre* was in existence in June 1643. Mrs. Oiphant and Mr. Tarver have here avoided the error which was natural in Moland; and indeed they always give fewer dates than we could desire. We shall go on to point out several passages in which a knowledge of what has been written about Molière would have saved our authors from errors which are not unimportant.

In p. 1, Mrs. Oiphant and Mr. Tarver say that Molière was born in "the Maison des Cygnes, or sign of the Swans," and add, in a footnote, "sometimes also called Maison des Singes." We do not know what authority is responsible for this "sign of the Swans." In 1637 the house had for its sign "le pavillon des Singes." It took its name from an ancient carving which represented apes playing in an apple-tree. When the house was demolished (1800?) the sculpture was removed to the *Musée des Monuments publics*. There is an engraving of it in the third volume of Lenoir's description of that museum. The original work is lost. Molière's father got rid of all interest in this house except

the rent for which he sub-let it in 1638. Our authors, therefore, are in error when they say (p. 5) "Of what character the brothers were who remained behind him (Molière), at the sign of the Swans . . . and whether they had shared his advantages of education, or were content to settle down to their father's trade, there is no information." Long ere Molière took to the stage his family had left the "sign of the Swans," or rather of the Apes, and were living at the sign of St. Christopher, "devant le pilori." As for Molière's brothers, Louis died in 1633, aged ten, Nicolas was six when we lose sight of him (1633). Jean, born in 1624, died in 1660. A son of his, Molière's nephew, was alive in 1720. As to Jean, the brother who neither died young nor was lost sight of by history at the age of six, the curious will find full details in M. Soulié's *Recherches* (pp. 197-200). He "settled down to his father's trade," and his marriage settlement is replete with information. Our authors are too sceptical about the story that Molière was a schoolfellow of Conti, a point which M. Loiseleur has illustrated. We think they are wrong when they say that Gassendi taught philosophy in the Jesuits' Collège de Clermont. Gassendi's epicureanism had an immense influence on Molière's genius, but it is pretty certain that he was the private tutor of young Poquelin and others, not a college lecturer. Though the liberal Jesuits made their pupils dance in ballets, they could hardly encourage Gassendi. There are some reasons, in spite of our authors' disbelief, for supposing that Molière did accompany Louis XIII. to the South of France, not in 1641 (p. 4), but in 1642. The facts are that old Poquelin was in Paris when, by the terms of his appointment, which was anything but "nondescript," he should have been with the King (May, June, July 1642). Tradition has it that Molière took his father's place, and we find him much later (1655) in friendly relations with Du Fort of Sigena, at whose house the King's servants lodged (June 10, 1642). This may be an accident; but, again, Molière *may* have witnessed the arrest of Cinq-Mars. If the office of *valet de chambre tapissier* was settled on Molière (as it was) in December 1637, it is not easy to see how the document by which he resigns the succession (6th January, 1643) can be "the earliest document in his history." The Register of his baptism is a good deal earlier. If the document of 1637 is lost, at least the official record of it remains in Molière's inventory. We do not understand what our authors mean when they say that the theatre in the Marais was afterwards removed to a hall in what was called the "Hôtel du Petit Bourbon" (p. 9). The theatre in the Hôtel du (not de) Petit Bourbon was destroyed in 1660. The *Marais* was closed in 1673; some of the company joined the Hôtel de Bourgogne, some followed the fortunes of the *troupe* that had been Molière's. We have only arrived at the ninth page, and begin to weary of these corrections. It does surprise us that our authors call Joseph Béjart "a lawyer"—he was *huissier audiencier*, his humble function *d'appeler les causes*. Again, there are records of Molière's passage through Fontenay-le-Comte, Agen, Toulouse, Vienne, Narbonne, and so on, which cannot be dismissed as "apocryphal." It is not "hopeless to attempt to trace the poor players," and Molière frequently "reappears out of the mist" between 1648 and 1653. Once more, Cosnac was not "secretary" of Conti—an unenviable position occupied by Sarrazin. By the way, it is extremely improbable that Conti was one of the "persons of consideration" who in 1658 got Molière an introduction to the Court. Before 1658 the reprobate Conti had become the convert and the puritan whom some recognize in Molière's *Don Juan*, "revenu de toutes ses erreurs." Conti is even said by M. Lacour to have written in 1658 his attack on the theatre. That he inspired Roquemont, one of his household, to write the famous "Observations" on *Le Festin de Pierre* seems a mere clever conjecture of M. Lacour's. To return to Molière's friends at Court, may not his own uncle, Michel Mazuel, whom, in 1654, Louis XIV. retained as "Compositeur de la musique de sa chambre," have aided the poet?

To make constant minute corrections is tedious work, and yet it is hard to know where to stop. In a matter of wider importance we think Mrs. Oliphant and Mr. Tarver censure too severely the petulance displayed by Molière in the *Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes*, and in *L'Impromptu de Versailles*. Already, in 1663, the author of *Nouvelles Nouvelles* was taunting Molière with his domestic unhappiness. In vain he implored his enemies to ridicule his manner, his writings, everything but his private life. The Corneilles, we fear, were in the hostile camp. If he hit back, he hit no foul blow, and he was reconciled to honest Boursault, to spiteful De Visé, and even befriended the furtive pirate of his books, Jean Ribou. Our authors have a wise disinclination to make a martyr out of Molière, but he suffered more than they suppose. The *Festin de Pierre*, for example, which was only played for fifteen nights, was not withdrawn because it was "unpopular," as Mrs. Oliphant imagines. Here are the receipts of each night:—1,830 liv., 2,045, 1,700, 2,036, 2,390, 2,108; and so on, till we find as low a sum as 500 livres, at the beginning of Passion week. Compare the famous *Ecole des Femmes*, that splendid success; the sums are 1,518, 1,144, 1,253, 812, 1,088, 1,348, 832, and so on. This shows how rash it is to declare that *Le Festin de Pierre* did not hit the popular taste. The proof of the play is in the large sums taken at the doors. Molière's *Don Juan* was stopped, it is plain, by the private influences that arrested *Les Précieuses Ridicules* and delayed *Tartufe*. Molière never printed the piece, and even the expurgated edition of 1682 was covered with *cartons* by the censorship. Our authors are mistaken when they say that the play "did not see the light" in its integrity "till so late a period

as 1819." The Amsterdam edition of 1683 contains the famous scenes of the beggar, "printed for the first time *dans toute leur intégrité*."

The little volume of Mrs. Oliphant and Mr. Tarver offers occasion for really countless corrections which our space does not permit us to make. Their knowledge of the theatre of the seventeenth century, and of what has been discovered about Molière, is, it must be said, most inadequate. For example, Molière was not driven to write by want of pieces for his company to act. He was not left "with but two plays, besides his trifling stock of farces 'to the good.'" At the very time of which our authors speak his company played *Jodelot Maître et Valet*, *Dom Japhet* (a very great favourite and standing piece), *Le Menteur*, *Sanche Panse*, *L'Héritier Ridicule*, *La Folle Gageure*, *Le Campagnard*, and other pieces of Scarron, Bois Robert, Mlle. des Jardins, De Bouscal, and others.

In leaving a book of the very utmost inaccuracy, we must note the tact and sagacity with which our authors handle Molière's domestic sorrows. Enough is said, and said in the right spirit, on a subject which too many of the poet's countrymen and country-women have discussed with extremely bad taste. The criticism, too, of *Tartufe* and of *Le Festin de Pierre* is earnest and intelligent. The plots of the slighter plays are often analysed with skill. We might have expected some account of Molière's theory and practice as an actor—of his personal appearance and manners; and certainly stress should have been laid on the singular delicacy of his filial kindness to a father who was almost morose.

#### LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE HISTORIC SOCIETY'S TRANSACTIONS.\*

THE Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire would do better work if it would do a good deal less; and it would enhance its reputation by sticking closer to its text, by submitting all the papers to a judicious editorship, and by substituting for its annual publication a volume issued every three or five years. In 1874, at the close of its twenty-fourth year, the then President, Dr. Hume, presented to the members an index to the first and second series of the Society's Transactions. A casual glance over this pamphlet shows that a considerable proportion, probably five-eighths, of the papers printed have no connexion with the history of Lancashire and Cheshire. We are told that the object of the Society is "to prepare materials, of as many kinds as possible, for future use in illustrating the history of either or both the counties on the banks of the Mersey." Yet we find such entries as the Medallie History of Napoleon I., Curious Mask of Punishment at Nuremberg, Attempt to identify "Paratalassus," the Poems of Oisin, Fungoid Diseases affecting Pear-trees, German Thalers, the Use of Clay Tobacco-pipes in England, Saxon Element in English Poetry, Micro-Geology, Classification of Human Knowledge, the Greenwood of Shakespeare, Scarcity of Home-grown Fruit in Great Britain, Preparations for the Spanish Armada in Kent, and a host of equally remote and diverse miscellanies. Nor is the result much more assuring when we come to examine the contributions which are really within the sphere and purpose of the Association. The literary skill displayed in the presentation of the several subjects is, with rare exceptions, of the smallest. The "materials" which the Society has managed to obtain are for the most part mere fag-ends, shreds, and patches; and there is altogether an absence of method and of persistency in some well-defined groove which leaves on the mind a general impression of feebleness and disappointment. One can only wonder and grieve that a machinery so elaborate should have existed for more than a quarter of a century, and have produced a result so inadequate and poor.

The Society's thirtieth volume, for the session of 1877-8, is no improvement upon its predecessors, and is of the same disappointing character. Three of the longest papers—"The History of the English Word 'Serjeant,'" "The Etymology of the Names of Timber Trees," and "Remarks on the Irish Dialect of the English Language"—have no right to take a place in the book. If the members choose at their monthly meetings in Liverpool to listen to dissertations on extraneous subjects, well and good; no one outside the Society has the power or would care to interfere. But when the same things are published as contributions to the history of Lancashire and Cheshire, the matter assumes a different complexion; the title of the book leads us to expect one thing, and we get another entirely foreign to it. Of the three papers named, the only one calling for notice is the Rev. Canon Hume's on the Irish Dialect of the English Language. Dr. Hume's essay has the merit of dealing with a comparatively fresh subject, and it contains some interesting information. Early in the present century the Irish language was spoken more or less in every county throughout Ireland. It is estimated that one-fourth of the gross population, or about one million people, spoke English exclusively, while probably an equal or somewhat greater number knew Irish only. In the intervening period down to the present time a great change has taken place, as is conclusively shown in the censuses of 1861 and 1871. In all Ireland now only about 162,400, or one in thirty-six of the gross population, still know no other tongue than Irish. When Carleton first issued his *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry* his narrative contained a large number of Irish

\* Transactions of the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire. Third Series. Volume VI. Session 1877-8. Liverpool: Adam Holden. 1878.

words which in subsequent editions he found it necessary to remove, as they were no longer understood; and Dr. Hume tells us that even in their modified form, there are hundreds, probably thousands, in Dublin who cannot enjoy Carleton's stories. The existing dialect, which is more or less prevalent over the thirty-two counties, with of course local variations here and there, is the result mainly of the successive English and Scottish immigrations. The largest of these is thus described by Dr. Hume:—

About the year 1607, when much of Ulster required to be planted or resettled, immigration, instead of being as previously a mere rivulet, or largely dependent on the condition of the regiments serving in the country, became a flood, and strangers settled not by tens, but by thousands. A large number of these were from the apple districts of Warwickshire, Worcester, and Gloucester; several were from Chester, through which the adventurers passed to take shipping at the mouth of the Dee; a few were from the neighbouring county of Lancaster; and some from London. The great English settlement commenced on the two sides of Belfast Lough; at Carrickfergus on the west, and Ballymacarrett on the east. It included the town of Belfast, which was at first English, but, like Londonderry, became Scotchized, owing to the preponderance of North Britons in the rural districts on both sides. Pressing on by Lisburn and to the east bank of Lough Neagh, the English settlers cover eleven parishes in Antrim alone, all of which preserve to this hour their English characteristics; and crossing still further, over Down to Armagh, they stopped only at the base of the Pomeroy mountains in Tyrone. Thus, from the tides of the Channel to beyond the centre of Ulster there was an unbroken line of English settlers, as distinct from Scotch; and the district they inhabit is still that of the apple, the elm, and the sycamore, of large farms and two-storied slated houses.

In three counties only, Antrim, Down, and Londonderry, do the descendants of Scottish immigrants outnumber those of English origin. The effect of the inroad from England upon the language of the country has been sure though slow, until now, as we have seen, the Irish language has all but disappeared before it. Meanwhile a dialect remains which has its own peculiar and distinctive features, and Dr. Hume maintains that its basis is the current English of the time of Elizabeth—the language of the immigrants of 1607 having been handed down unimpaired, or very little altered, to the present time. Dr. Hume asserts that whilst an Englishman requires a glossary of two thousand words, now obsolete, to understand Shakespeare, an Irish peasant would not need a glossary of more than two hundred; and this, if true, is a fact strongly in favour of his contention. Dr. Hume, it appears from some remarks in the course of his paper, has been engaged for many years in the compilation of a glossary of the Anglo-Irish dialect, and it seems to have been one of the chief objects of the paper to make known the existence of this glossary. The author has not yet succeeded in getting his manuscript into type, for, as is well known, glossaries, like bibliographies, do not pay; and it is difficult to find a publisher who will, for the sake of a public service, burden himself with an inevitable pecuniary loss. "We believe we are correct in saying that both the Royal Irish Academy and the English Dialect Society have declined to undertake the responsibility of publishing Dr. Hume's work in its present form; and, when we come to examine the specimen which is appended to the paper, we are not surprised at their decision. To judge by these examples, the work is of formidable dimensions, and is largely occupied by elaborate disquisitions which are entirely beyond the province of a glossarist. The word *Abooo* (the ancient Irish slogan) occupies a page and a half, the greater part of which is devoted to an enumeration of English and Scottish war-cries; and under "A.B.C.'s, the Alphabet," nearly four pages are given up to superfluous commentary and unnecessary illustrative quotations. It is painful to see so great a waste of labour, and such an astounding ignorance of "the fitness of things."

One of the few contributions relating to Lancashire is on "Ptolemy's Geography of the Coast from Carnarvon to Cumberland." In this Mr. Glazebrook Rylands essays once more to settle the vexed question of the identity of the Belisama and Seteia estuaries. From Camden downwards a score of antiquaries have done fierce battle on this disputed ground, and no two have managed to agree. Mr. Rylands is convinced that "Belisama can only be the Mersey, and Setantiorum Portus the Ribble." It is not necessary to follow the calculations and somewhat confused arguments which have led Mr. Rylands to his conclusions, for, to our thinking, far too much paper and ink have already been wasted upon a point of very slight importance. Mr. James Dixon has three short papers concerning Ormskirk Church. Various circumstances conspire to invest this edifice with interest. It is closely associated with the fortunes of Lathom House and the Stanley family, many of whose remains lie buried in the Bickerstaffe Chapel. The building, too, is a singular admixture of styles, and is remarkable for possessing two towers, one large and square, and the other surmounted by a spire in the angle between the main tower and the south aisle. The date of the building of the church has hitherto been lost in obscurity. It is recorded to have been endowed A.D. 1273, but the name itself suggests an earlier date for the erection. Ormskirk is not mentioned in the Domesday Survey; but there is a generally accepted tradition that the parish belonged to Orm, the Saxon, or more probably Danish, proprietor of Halton, who, driven from his lands in Cheshire, established himself in Lancashire, and was the founder of the kirk or church which took and still commemorates his name. About eighteen months ago a "restoration" of the church was undertaken, and the process of partial demolition and rearrangement has enabled Mr. Dixon to record some discoveries which throw a light on its earlier history. Remains of a Norman church have been brought to light, including an excellent Norman window which has long been hidden by an

old benefaction board. Mr. Dixon comes to the conclusion that after the presumed wooden building erected by Orm, there was a Norman church, of which the north wall of the present chancel is still left. The size of this, together with the fact that the population of the locality long continued to be scanty and scattered, is a sufficient proof that the original stone edifice was a small one. In the thirteenth century there appears to have been an early English enlargement, with attached chapels, a south aisle, and spire termination; then, after the ruin of Burcough Priory in 1536, the erection of the huge square tower for bells, the materials being partly derived from the monastery. The church suffered considerably during the Civil War, and other structural changes and additions were made in 1690, 1729, 1766, and 1770. To the latest "restoration" a good deal of opposition was raised, but Mr. Dixon gives a painful picture of the state of the interior. In addition to the unsightly and inconvenient character of the church as a place of worship it appears that

The whole area has long been little better than a common grave on a large scale, within walls and amid ruins of a departed splendour. Only about three feet of depth intervened between the recent modern floor and the rock, yet within this space very many, probably thousands of persons, have been buried (I have tested the number carefully by the registers) by repeated turning over of the remains of those buried before. As many as twenty skulls have been found in one mass, just below a pew constantly occupied; and, while I am writing this, a skull—which I reasonably infer is that of a young lady of a very ancient and wealthy family in the parish—lies less than six inches from the still undisturbed pavement of a chapel partially restored, exposed to view by adjacent removals. . . . Even the Stanleys and other distinguished families around must, though buried in their respective chapels or other places of distinction, have been laid in the general composition of accumulating remains.

Restoration on the site of such a charnel-house as this is surely unwise; unless, indeed, the remains are to be entirely removed. Mr. Dixon gives a biographical sketch of Nathaniel Heywood, "the only vicar of Ormskirk, out of a long list, who has attained to historical distinction," and who was one of the ejected ministers of 1662; and a series of extracts from the churchwarden's accounts of 1665-6. A considerable number of the entries have reference to the vermin which at that time infested the south-western part of Lancashire. Large tracts consisted of peat-moss, which have only been reclaimed and brought under cultivation within the last fifty years. A shilling was paid by the churchwardens for every fox's head, and twopence each for kites, hedgehogs, magpies, moles, and jays—called respectively in the accounts "kydes," "orchants," "planets," "moulderts," and "gees." Altogether, Mr. Dixon's contributions, though unassuming in character and on a subject of almost purely local interest, are a real addition to the materials of Lancashire history, and are a credit to the book.

The only remaining paper of any importance is on Roman Ribchester. Mr. W. T. Watkin, the author, is a dry and unattractive writer. His essay is little more than a collection of notices of this large Roman station by Leland, Camden, Dr. Leigh, Dr. Stukeley, Horsley, the Whittakers, and other antiquaries. It contains no fresh information. But, taken in conjunction with a similar paper on Roman Lancaster, by the same writer, in the twenty-eighth volume of the Society's Transactions, it indicates a too long neglected work which might usefully engage the energies of the members—the careful and exhaustive investigation, by means of systematic excavations, of the Roman dominion in Lancashire. Ribchester, now a mere village, stands on the banks of the river Ribble, and is about equidistant from Blackburn and Clitheroe. From the discoveries already made there it would appear that the station covered about ten acres. A fourth of it has been washed away by the river, in the bed of which the sunken Roman wall of the rampart is still, or was recently, discernible. The whole of the site demands and would repay a thorough examination. The soil of Lancaster, the county town, teems with unearthing remains. It is scarcely possible to dig anywhere without coming upon traces of the Roman occupation. Mr. Simpson, the historian of the town, states that wherever cellars have been sunk, or similar excavations made, antiquities have invariably been discovered. Near the church and in the vicarage fields the ground is full of unexplored foundations, and the tracks of ancient streets are still visible. Another interesting relic of the Roman occupation, which has never been adequately examined, is a dock in the river Keer, a few miles north-west of Lancaster. The outlines of the dock are still perfectly clear, and in it, on the removal of the alluvial soil, large quantities of timber, some unwrought, and others partly formed into vessels, have been found. The sea is now two miles off, though it is evident that some eighteen hundred years ago it must have come up to it. From these facts it is evident that at Lancaster and Ribchester, not to mention other known sites in the county, any historic or archaeological association might find abundant occupation for its members. We fear, however, that the task is too onerous, even if it were not beyond the capacity of the Historic Society whose records we are considering. Although it has a numerous body of members, its proceedings display a lack of vitality and of originating force, a deficiency of scholarship and a feebleness in literary power, which are painfully reflected in its recent yearly publications. If not exactly moribund, it shows none of the evidences of a strong and healthy life. Many years ago (October 21, 1865) the sixteenth volume of the Society's Transactions was described in these columns as "far below the standard of any other volume of local Transactions that we ever saw." Of the thirtieth volume the same verdict is pertinent and true.

## A MIGHTY HUNTER.\*

**I**T is a pity that the hero of this Memoir has not had the luck to find a better biographer. We are not at all sure that he would not have been more fortunate still had he found no biographer at all. His life when it closes may be fitly summed up in one text from the Bible—"He was a mighty hunter before the Lord." We doubt not that for many a day to come it will be said by the men of Devonshire, when they want to praise some great hero of their time, "Even as Parson Jack Russell the mighty hunter before the Lord." For "Parson Jack Russell"—to give him the familiar term by which he is known all over Devonshire—who in these degenerate days is perhaps the most famous man of the West, is no less known for his hard riding, his love of the chase, and his knowledge of the whole craft of the huntsman, than for the manner in which he discharged his duty as a parish priest. "To enter minutely," says our author, "into the abstract question of Russell's clerical life would scarcely be consonant with the general tenor of this memoir." What he means by the abstract question of a man's clerical life we certainly do not in the least understand. Probably he does not understand it himself. However, he tells enough to make it quite clear that a large and poor parish which has had for nearly fifty years the services of Mr. Russell at the modest salary of 180*l.* a year has had little cause to complain. We doubt also whether his brother parsons have not had much reason for thankfulness. A man of Mr. Russell's restless energy, "to whom the want of something to do became almost a torture," must have passed his life in hunting something. If he had not spent his strength on stags, foxes, and otters, who knows but that he might have taken to badgering his neighbours with ecclesiastical suits? A man surely had far better be employed on the moors of Devonshire in hallooning on his dogs than in feeing counsel in the Ecclesiastical Courts of Westminster. However much we may excuse, nay, even may praise, this great hunting parson, still we must return to what we said, that his life scarcely affords materials for a biography. We are ready to allow his unequalled merits. We have no doubt that he deserves to the full the praise that has been bestowed upon him by the son of the gentleman who succeeded the late Earl Fortescue in 1818 as Master of the Dulverton Staghounds, and who writes that "down to the present year Russell has always stuck to the staghounds with a consistency unequalled by any living man." But then unfortunately consistency, even the consistency of a stag-hunter, affords but little variety. Mr. Russell saw his first stag killed in 1814, and he has most consistently seen them killed every year since. This would go far in an epitaph no doubt; but what can be fitly spread over a grave-stone scarcely fills a volume of three hundred and sixty pages. A short sketch might well have been given of this tough old gentleman, but the length of this Memoir is intolerable. The language moreover in which it is written, when contrasted with the entire simplicity of the man who is described, is ridiculously fine. The hero could scarcely make a less absurd appearance if he were to go hunting dressed up in all the tinsel of a theatrical wardrobe. It shows indeed the entire simplicity of his character that, in spite of the absurd style in which his actions are described, he himself is never for a moment made ridiculous.

It is a strange thing that those who write about sports, of whatever kind, are almost always given to the finest and most foolish language. These authors delight in synonyms, for they think that there is no greater impropriety of which a writer can be guilty than to repeat a word in the same paragraph. Thus in the book before us we find one of Mr. Russell's schoolmasters described "as a disciplinarian strict as Draco." We next come to "the educational advantages" which his school "offered," and then we find it called "a Spartan seminary." We ought perhaps to be thankful that the author did not bring in "plagous Orbilius" and a Roman academy. In like manner, a man who in one line is a country blacksmith in the next is a worthy Vulcan. A fox on one occasion is a gay Lothario, bright as a new guinea, to which "Parson Jack" sticks like the Old Man of the Sea to Sinbad the Sailor. Elsewhere Mr. Russell is like the Colossus of Rhodes, for he had one foot on Broadbury and the other planted on the Bodwin moors. In one hunt some of the riders—men whom nothing but the Styx itself could stop—had leapt over a stream, while others had not yet crossed the Rubicon. The most absurd display of this classical ignorance—learning we cannot call it—is in a passage where we are told that "in all the annals of the chase few men, if any, taking the outside of a horse as their conveyance have equalled him in this respect." The author goes on to say:—

Wheels, indeed, would have been impracticable, for without the help of a Julius Cæsar, who gloried in the motto "Hanc viam, inviam, rotabilem fecit," the obstructions he would have met with on his way to cover would have stopped the course of Hannibal himself.

To think of Hannibal riding to cover—we ought to say, taking the outside of a horse as his conveyance—along a road made by Julius Cæsar! We trust that our author's hero, at all events at the time when he took his degree, was somewhat surer in his historical learning. If he was not, it does not say much for the amount of learning required at Oxford in those days. His success in his final examination is thus described:—

Once more, before he quits the University, but this time with a light

\* *A Memoir of the Rev. John Russell, and his Out-of-door Life.* By the Author of "Dartmoor Days," &c. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1878.

and elastic step, if not "with pride in his port," he crosses that same Quadrangle where

Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head

to put on his Bachelor's gown.

There were three good reasons, we could point out, why Bacon's mansion did not tremble over his head. In the first place, Mr. Russell was too modest a man to have supposed for a moment that he had more learning than Friar Bacon. On the head of a less learned man there was no risk that the mansion would fall. In the second place, long before Mr. Russell's time, the mansion had been cleared away. In the third place, it never had stood anywhere near the Quadrangle which Mr. Russell crossed with a light and elastic step, but a good half-mile or more away on the bridge over the river. The author certainly could not well have quoted the other verse of the couplet, "O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread"; for though Bodley's dome is hard by the Quadrangle, yet the statement in other respects would have been somewhat wide of the mark. Nevertheless, in a note the reader might have been told that Bodley's dome was merely a kind of synonym for hedges and ditches and five-barred gates. Nine out of ten of such readers as the author is likely to get would have believed it.

Besides this display of learning, which goes not a little way to swell out the volume, lists are given of the most foolish kind—lists that would have been dull reading even on the day they appeared fresh in the columns of some country newspaper. Who can there be so hopelessly stupid as to be interested in reading a list of the members who on Thursday, the 3rd day of June, 1824, were present at a meeting of the Teignbridge Cricket Club? Has gaping come to an end, and yawning, and stretching one's arms, and looking out of the window, and talking about the weather? Are village gossips silent, have parsons ceased to preach, are there no bores left to fill up the time, are all the stories about the old grouse in the gun-room forgotten, that any one is reduced to reading such a list as the following? Let the reader first mark the solemnity with which it is introduced:—

For a copy of that document I am much indebted to the kindness of Mr. John Divett, of Bovey Tracey, for so many years the courteous and able secretary of the Teignbridge Cricket Club.

## MEMBERS PRESENT.

H. Taylor.	H. Carew.
J. L. Kitson.	C. D. Acland
J. Wrey.	W. Kitson.
G. Templer.	J. R. Johnson.
J. Garrow.	J. Templer, Jun.

## HONORARY MEMBERS PRESENT.

J. Russell.
W. Russell.
M. Russell.

The heaviness of such writing as this is relieved at times by quotations from a local poet of the last generation. Was ever poet introduced in a stranger sentence than the one in which this Devonshire bard is thus brought in?—

Mr. Templer, a gentleman of brilliant intellect and most charming manner, had for some time previously established at Stover a pack of dwarf fox-hounds, averaging nineteen inches at the shoulder, with which he hunted, when he had the luck to find him, the real wild article; but, when a blank was apprehended, bagman, which, always at hand, was turned down in view of the hounds.

As to the average height of Mr. Templer's foxhounds we do not pretend to offer any opinion; but the brilliance of his intellect, if it was shown in his dealings with "the real wild article," is scarcely apparent in his verses. The following lines may have been written, as the author says, in the strain of the truest admiration, but they are at the same time bad enough to have fairly deserved the birch:—

Fearless and first Ninth Harry urged his course,  
Charging the fences with resistless force;  
Poor Nunkyn pays for all, a friend indeed  
So good a Nunkyn proves in time of need.

What have fox-hunters to do with poetry? We like far better than this writer of the brilliant intellect old Squire Western, who, when his sister quoted to him "the great Milton," answered, "Damn Milton, if he had the impudence to say so to my face, I'd lent him a douse, tho' he was never so great a man."

We are scarcely leaving ourselves space in criticizing the writer to say anything about the hero of his memoir. Mr. Russell ought to have had his lot cast in the Far West. He is lost in England. The field is too small for him; the animals he hunts are too insignificant; even in the moors of his native country the space is too limited. He scarcely feels that he has elbow-room. Nature, it might be said of him, made him a hunter, and man made him a parson. He has, as we have said, managed to combine the two fairly well, but they would have been better kept apart. He should have lived in some savage country where he could have hunted wild beasts and tamed still wilder men. The curious influence that he has gained over the gypsies shows that he would have been well fitted for dealing with half-civilized races. At one time, when a desperate gang of burglars had infested his neighbourhood and had especially broken into the parsonages, it was found out that for many nights together Mr. Russell's house was watched by the gypsies. He met the son of their King, and asked him whether it was true that they had thus guarded him? "Quite true, sir," he answered, "and let me tell you, if we had caught them on your premises, they would never have gone home alive." But, limited though was Mr. Russell's field, yet he did something, as we learn

from this Memoir, to reclaim his fellow-men and to civilize their barbarous instincts. No man did more than he to restrain the lawless destruction of foxes. There was more than one "notorious vulpicide" in his part of the country when he began to run his civilizing course. When a fox was tracked to its hole the church-bell was rung, and all hurried up to dig it out, and kill it in the most barbarous manner. "The scum of the county, headed, I am almost ashamed to say," said Mr. Russell, "by two gentlemen," on one occasion hurried up. "I remonstrated with these gentlemen. . . . Impressed apparently by what I had said, both gentlemen instantly bade me 'a good morning,' and left the place." Though almost every one was open to argument, unhappily there was one country gentleman who not only ordered his keepers to trap, shoot, and destroy every fox they could, who not only thus killed 250 foxes, but who in large placards "set forth this gross statement, and justified the slaughter as one of meritorious service to the whole community." Though this unhappy squire has long gone to a place where he must give an account of his deeds, we will not follow our author in publishing his name. On the contrary, we are glad to learn that "there are good grounds now for believing that he was, in truth, influenced by conscientious scruples." Things had got indeed to such a pass that one day a man put his head inside the church-door at service time on a Sunday, and shouted "I've a-got un." Whereupon "almost every man of the congregation, knowing a fox had been traced to ground, seized his hat and quitted the church." Now, thanks almost entirely to Mr. Russell's efforts, "no such barbarisms exist in the north of Devon." The barbarism, as our readers will notice, consisted not in the interruption of divine service, but in the entire absence of fair play to the fox. Now he gets killed like a Christian, and no longer like a heathen or a Turk.

It was not only with the gypsies that Mr. Russell soon gained a great influence. "The feelings of the farmers towards him amounted," we are told, "almost to a devotion." It was curiously shown many years ago, when that cruel law was still carried out by which a man was hanged for sheep-stealing. A poor fellow whom Mr. Russell knew was thus hanged. Not long after he met one of the jury; but here the author shall tell the story:—

"Why, Jem," said Russell, accosting him in a tone of strong remonstrance, "how came this about? You were on the jury which tried Tom Square!—there surely was something to be said for the poor fellow. I've been told it was the first time he had ever done so. You know what a quiet man he was, always ready to do a good turn for a neighbour. 'Twas a pity, Jem, that you should have given your voice against him."

"Bless us, Mistre Kissell, yeu doan't zay zo. My sens! If us had on'y but know'd *they* was your honour's thoughts, us wid ha' put it right, fai'. But there, my Lord Judge said he did ouft to be hanged—and zo us hanged un. But, bless 'ee, if us had on'y know'd your honour cared about un, us wid ha' put it right in quick time."

Through this dull volume there are not a few other anecdotes scattered about which are interesting in themselves, and are at the same time curious signs of a state of society which is as much unknown to many a man as the habits of a tribe of wild Indians. But space fails us to set them forth. We must not conclude without expressing an ardent wish that Devonshire may for many a long year yet be able to boast of its Parson Jack Russell. It seems likely that it may keep him, at all events, to the end of this century. A few days after his eighty-first birthday, when he had had a long day over the hills, partly on foot and partly riding, he danced till three in the morning, and then retired at that early hour with the excuse that he had to be up at eight o'clock to ride over forty miles to be present at a fox-hunt. When he was in his eightieth year he spent a week in hunting. On the Saturday he hunted till two o'clock, and then started off for a seventy miles ride home. The next day "he performed three full services with his wonted animation, earnestness, and effect." He has always lived a temperate life, and now he lifts up his voice against "the rising generation—the gourmandizing batte-shooter—*et hoc genus omne*." Like old Adam, he can boast, and will, we trust, boast for many a day,

My age is as a lusty winter,  
Frosty, but kindly.

#### VILLARI'S MACCHIAVELLI.\*

THOSE who have read Professor Villari's valuable Life of Savonarola—in which the great Florentine preacher appears as the object of a profound, but not unmerited, homage—will be curious to see the way in which the same writer treats a character and genius which offer in almost every respect the most striking contrast to the character and genius of Savonarola. It is not every one who can do justice to greatness of two such different orders. Those who are most attracted by the one are likely to be most repelled by the other, and even those who can admire both do so in very different moods of their own minds. So far as the volumes before us enable us to form an opinion, Professor Villari appears to have formed his estimate of Macchiavelli with great discrimination and impartiality. But the volumes already published only carry the biography of the Florentine Secretary down to the year 1507—that is to say, to the thirty-eighth year of his life. The last twenty years of it still remain to

be told. And the full analysis and criticism of Macchiavelli's works is also reserved for the future, and only touched on incidentally in the course of these volumes. The first volume, indeed, is merely introductory, and gives a general sketch of the social, political, and literary conditions of the period, without treating of Macchiavelli at all. It is not till the second volume that he himself appears upon the scene. And in the stormy years which are here described Macchiavelli is a good deal lost in the greatness of the events which were then taking place, and a good deal thrown into the shade by the more commanding characters of others. These volumes can be read and criticized only as an instalment.

Professor Villari's estimate of the Renaissance agrees in the main with the views which recent writers have made familiar to English readers. He begins with a few pages on the general spirit of the time. Of all periods of history, this is probably the one of which it is most difficult to form a just and impartial estimate. It is in many of its aspects intensely, almost overpoweringly, attractive, and in many others as irresistibly shocking and repulsive. And the strongest forces of attraction and repulsion are often combined in the same person, without, so far as one can see, creating in his own mind any sense of incongruity or discord. The man whose talents, accomplishments, gracious manners, even, in a certain sense, kindness of nature would seem to make him the most desirable of companions, is also often the man who will stick at no act of villainy to rid himself of an enemy or of an inconvenient friend. The proneness to evil for its own sake which may be charged on exceptional men in this as in other periods is in no sense characteristic of the period as a whole. On the contrary, purposeless evil, wrong-doing that serves no object or defeats its own object, was probably disconcerted by public opinion in Italy far more strongly than in other countries at this time. What seems the characteristic feature of the period is rather that men were insensible to moral considerations altogether, that the human conscience was as far silenced as it can be without human society being utterly dissolved. At the same time all other sides of human nature attained a complete and brilliant development to which we cannot find a parallel without going back to the best days of Greek civilization. A period like this must of necessity be full of the most startling contrasts and contradictions. The manner, often so misleading, in which Macaulay deals with history, a manner in which antithesis is put in the place of discrimination, is here less objectionable, because the antitheses are not merely rhetorical, but lie in the nature of the subject itself. A point of great interest is touched on by Professor Villari when he asks if the judgment in matters of morals which may be fairly passed on the upper classes in Italy at that time can be justly extended to the people as a whole. He is of opinion that it cannot. And certainly he has every antecedent likelihood on his side. It is inconceivable that any society could continue to exist, much less be capable of future regeneration, which practised and tolerated, not only in particular sections, but throughout the whole of it, the crimes which were practised and tolerated among certain classes at this epoch. Anyhow, the evil was sufficiently widespread to bring on an utter breakdown. It was want of character which caused the ruin of Italy in the sixteenth century, notwithstanding all the gifts and graces which distinguished the people; and the rise of Italy to new life in our own day is a sign that this defect has been largely repaired.

But no nation, however gifted, has more than a certain amount of force to dispose of; the fascination which matters of intellect and taste then exercised over Italians tended to blind them to moral distinctions, and the work which the resuscitation of ancient literature and art, and the transformation of mediæval into modern civilization gave them to do, absorbed all their energies. A nation must be judged, if at all, as a whole. Professor Villari, though marking distinctly the bad sides of the Italian Renaissance, is free from the puritanical narrowness which looks only at the moral and religious aspect of a question, and judges even this by a uniform standard applied indiscriminately to all times and peoples alike. There is no man in whose case this way of judging things would bring out more ludicrous results than in the case of Macchiavelli. There is no need, however, nowadays to argue against the old legend which represented him as a monster of craft and dissimulation. That legend was destroyed in this country, where it had taken as firm root as anywhere, once for all, by Macaulay's essay and there is no danger of its being revived. Still, although the phantom which used to stand for Macchiavelli has vanished before the light of a sounder criticism, there is much about the real man which still remains obscure. The circumstances of the strange and paradoxical age in which he lived are now indeed understood as they were not formerly, and thereby an indispensable step has been taken to the right appreciation of the great men who belonged to it. But in Macchiavelli's case there are some special difficulties. In the first place, impressive as his writings are, he does not appear to have been a man who exercised any profound personal influence on others. We are thus left without those detailed records of the impression made by him on contemporaries which abound in the case of many other men of more striking personality. Again, of the first twenty-seven years of his life nothing whatever is known. It may be that fuller knowledge of his early history would not make us much the wiser. It is very possible that, as Professor Villari suggests, he was one of those men who show themselves best and most fully in their writings, and the qualities which

\* *Niccolò Macchiavelli and his Times*. By Professor Pasquale Villari, Author of the "Life of Savonarola." Translated by Linda Villari. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co.

especially distinguish his writings certainly point in this direction. What strikes one most in them, and what constitutes their chief value for us now, is the wonderful clearness and breadth of judgment and accuracy of observation which they show. Whatever subject Macchiavelli speaks of—the force of some motive or tendency in human nature, or the national characteristics of some foreign people, or the measures to be pursued in some hypothetical case of public policy—we feel that he has seen everything, just as it is, with his own eyes and not somebody else's, and that in his inferences from what he has observed we have a reason not less vigorous and acute than free from any perturbing mixture of feeling or prejudice. If literature were the organ by which Macchiavelli expressed himself best, we have the less reason to regret our ignorance of many interesting points in his biography.

Nearly all that these volumes tell us of Macchiavelli is comprised between the year 1498, when, just under thirty years of age, he became Secretary to the Ten, and the year 1507, at which time, mainly under his influence, the Florentine Militia had just been formed. Macchiavelli's life during this period is described with great minuteness. His marriage, which took place in the year 1502, shortly before his mission to Cæsar Borgia in Romagna, is the subject of some very interesting remarks. His wife was Marietta, daughter of Ludovico Corsini, and it seems to be satisfactorily proved that the marriage was a tolerably happy one, notwithstanding that Macchiavelli was the reverse of a faithful husband. The mission to Cæsar Borgia following soon upon the marriage, the wife was left alone in Florence—a position which she did not at all seem to relish. On the 18th of October Macchiavelli's friend, Buonaccorsi, wrote to him at Imola, "that Marietta asked about him and complained of his remaining absent so long when he had promised to come back to her in a week." She would not write to him herself, "and she does thousands of mad things; so, in the devil's name, pray come back." And in another, of the 21st December, 1502, he says to him:—"Monna Marietta blasphemeth God and thinks that she has thrown away both herself and her property. For goodness' sake give orders that she may have her own dower, like others in her position, otherwise she will lose all patience with you." "Your wife," he adds in another letter, "desires you, and often sends here to ask of you and of your return." The embassy which interrupted the domestic bliss of Monna Marietta gives Professor Villari occasion to discuss the relations between Macchiavelli and Cæsar Borgia:—

Almost unconsciously his ideas assumed the form of an ideal personage, representing the acute, able, and audacious statesman, restrained by no scruples of conscience, no moral influence, from trying to achieve his fixed purpose, no matter what obstacles stood in his path, no matter what acts of treachery and bloodshed had to be performed. In short, in examining the actions of Valentinois, his mind had created an imaginary Valentinois, to which latter he continually recurred. . . . At a later period he obeyed a similar impulse in writing his *Vita di Castruccio Castracane*, which, as all know, is no history, but rather an effort to glean from history his own political ideal. This explains the great praise, coupled with severe blame, accorded by him to Valentinois. His praise is generally bestowed on the ideal personage, his blame on the historical. The one, however, is not so different from the other as to prevent our sometimes confusing them, especially as the author himself occasionally does so, when carried away by his imagination, which seems especially to dominate him when he is apparently reasoning in cold blood. Nor is it an uncommon case to find that men of the most reflective and cautious temperament will at times fall a sudden and complete prey to their own imaginations.

Professor Villari argues from the discrepancies between Macchiavelli's report to the Florentine Government of Cæsar Borgia's treacherous capture and murder of the revolted *condottieri* at Sinigaglia, and the well-known *Descrizione*, written later, which treats of the same event, that the latter narrative is a more or less idealized picture:—

How [he says] can patent contradictions like these be accounted for without admitting that this *Descrizione* is something different from exact history? The Duke, whom Macchiavelli depicts here as culminated by the Florentines and far more able and acute than the personage described in the *Legazione*, is, in fact, the precursor of his *Principe*, in which we shall behold later, put in a theoretic form, that which we now see only in an individual and concrete shape.

We must refrain from commenting on the foregoing passage till future volumes of this work give us Professor Villari's view of the "Prince" in full. But, considering what Macchiavelli was, what the age was, and what a spell Cæsar Borgia managed to exercise on the minds of contemporaries, one need not scruple to think it exceedingly likely that at one time or other Macchiavelli may have entertained a most genuine admiration for the real as well as for the idealized Cæsar. On the vexed question as to the death of Pope Alexander VI., Professor Villari takes the view, now generally received, that the Pope died of fever, and not of poison. According to the old story, Alexander and his son went to supper with a Cardinal, and by a mistake of the cup-bearer drank themselves of the poison which they had intended for their host. It is not a matter of any great importance by what means the world was rid of such a man, but the popular belief in the story of the poison, whether well founded or not, is characteristic of the time.

It is not possible at present to offer any final opinion as to this work. Half of it is still to come, and that the more interesting half, in which we may look for a full discussion of the writings of Macchiavelli. They offer abundant materials for criticism and controversy, and the judgment upon them by one of the latest and most learned students of the Renaissance will be awaited with interest.

#### INDEXES AND INDEXERS.\*

THE one tangible result of the conferences of Librarians of which the reading public has heard so much recently has been the establishment of an Index Society. And the first publication of this youngest among our literary institutions is the very amusing and very well-filled pamphlet before us. Mr. Wheatley has gathered a mass of facts under two heads; we find, first, an historical account of indexes, and, secondly, an essay on the principles and practice of index-making; and it is something to say which we could not have expected to be able to say, that the whole work is so entertaining that even a child may enjoy it. The great utility of the index, even to a novel, such as *Clarissa*, and its absolute necessity to the historian, are points on which Mr. Wheatley forbears to dwell. He assumes at once that every book should have its alphabetical table of contents, and begins with an analysis of the meaning of the word index, its early use, its naturalization in English, and the use of the plural, "indexes," by Shakspeare. Curiously, the French "indice" has a different meaning, being derived from *indicum*, and the Germans use "Register" instead. Our own early books were generally furnished with "tables," and as late as 1749 the *Monthly Review* has its "table." By the present usage—one which is productive of no inconvenience—the word "table" is reserved for the summary of contents, and the word "index" for the alphabetical list; and we thus obtain an advantage not enjoyed in other languages. It is recorded of Thomas Fuller that so well was his work always arranged in his mind before he committed it to paper that he could write the first and last word of every line on a page. It is therefore not surprising to learn from Mr. Wheatley that he "was a true index-connoisseur," or to read a passage from his *Pisgah-sight of Palestine* in which he ascribes, on the completion of his index, "soli Deo gloria." Of a different opinion was Howell, who in his discourse of *The Precedency of Kings* excuses himself from making an index on the plea that it would be as large as the book itself—a plea which the true index-lover cannot for a moment admit. An index at the present day usually means an additional expense to either the author or the publisher, and the profession of index-making is not unknown in certain walks of literary life. The author who wishes to be well served in this respect, however, must serve himself; and it is impossible not to hold with the opinion of Nicholaus Antonius, a Spanish bibliographer, "Indicem libri ab auctore, librum ipsum à quovis alio, conficiendum esse"; which Mr. Wheatley makes into a rather greater bull by translating it "that the index of a book should be made by the author, even if the book itself were written by some one else." A great book without an index is like a great library without a catalogue; and as no library worthy of the name is so small as not to be the better for a catalogue, so few books of any pretensions to permanent value should be without an index. Every reader has felt the inconvenience of having no table of contents in books otherwise of importance; while it would be difficult to say what book, except a trashy novel, does not want an index. What a useful thing it would be in Mr. Morris's *Earthly Paradise*, for example, or Lane's *Modern Egyptians*, or half the books of travel? Mr. Carlyle, Douce, Baynes, and others, are quoted by Mr. Wheatley as denouncers of unindexed books, and Lord Campbell is reported to have proposed "that any author who published a book without an index should be deprived of the benefit of the Copyright Act." It is amazing that a general index to the *Archæological Journal* was never published before the present year. There is only an *Index Locorum* to the *Codex Diplomaticus*, and no index of any kind to Kemble's *Anglo-Saxons*. The new Society, it would seem, are more intent on indexing whole sets of books, or entire subjects, than on supplying the wants of any particular work; but in time probably we shall see their attention directed to less extensive projects than those put forward in their present programme. It includes a Guide to the Literature of Botany, another to the Literature of Political Economy, an index to British titles of honour, and a list of Municipal Corporation Offices. The first volume is to contain the names of the Royalists whose estates were confiscated during the Commonwealth.

Mr. Wheatley deals incidentally with catalogues. "What," he asks, "is a surname?" It seems that on this simple question the greatest difficulties of indexers and cataloguers turn. We have frequently heard the story quoted in Mr. Burton's *Book Hunter*, itself a work which wants an index, of "Mr. Justice Best, his great mind"; but Mr. Wheatley gives many almost equally amusing examples while on the subject of names. In a French biographical dictionary, Brigham Young is placed under B, as "Brigham le jeune." In a bibliographical list, Whiteknights, the former seat of a Lord Blandford, is given as "le Chevalier Blanc"; and another foreign book explains that a learned Society of the West Riding is not a "société hippique." In one of the volumes of the Rolls series there is a blunder of a different kind. "Jude" is misprinted "Inde," and the "land of Jude," that is, Judea, is indexed "India." In the case of people who have two or three surnames the indexer is often at fault, as he is also where a title has been added to a well-known name. It would not be easy at a first attempt to assign his proper position to "Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer Lytton, first Lord Lytton, and a baronet"; and similar difficulties are suggested by the names of Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, and Horace Walpole, Earl of

\* *What is an Index?* By Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A. London: Henry Sotheran. 1878.

Orford. A long list might be made of supposed authors, for, besides the celebrated and prolific "Anon," we have "Enrichi de Deux Listes" and "Acuerdo Olvido"; while Dr. Buckland is said to have written a book on "ponts et chaussées" by a Frenchman who had seen, but not read, the Bridgewater Treatises. Booksellers' catalogues frequently contain works by "Incipit"; and we lately observed a set of tracts under the heading "Iste," the first line of the title-page being "Iste liber continet." For this sort of sin the catalogue of the British Museum comes under Mr. Wheatley's disapproval more than once. Thus, "Could any plan be adopted by which the following books would more thoroughly be hidden out of sight than by the present arrangement:—

*Kind.*—A Kind of a Dialogue in Hudibrastics; designed for the use of the Unthinking and Unlearned (1739).

*Kinds.*—How to make several kinds of miniature pumps and a fire engine; a book for boys (1860)."

He describes also pathetically a vain search for the date of the first edition of the Latin *Gradus*, which eventually turned up among "Dictionaries." While on the subject of surnames he gives us the surprising information that in the same catalogue Sir Francis Palgrave's works are arranged under his former, but now half-forgotten, surname of Cohen. Peers, too, as a rule, are placed under their family names, instead of their titles, of which practice the American Library Association well remarks that "a catalogue is not a biographical dictionary or a genealogical table, and its efficiency is in danger of being lessened if its makers confound the two purposes." But bishops, deans, and other dignitaries holding official titles should be placed under their family names. Gilbert Burnet and Robert Cecil should not both figure under "Salisbury." The strangest method of indexing names is that sometimes pursued in old English, and frequently in modern Spanish, books. Among Spaniards the Christian name is that by which a man habitually goes, and under it, in the *Biblioteca Hispana*, an author is usually catalogued; but in Lluyd's *Cambridgeshire* English and Welsh names are similarly placed, and the Henrys, Roberts, and Richards, whether Bohuns, Veres, or Nevilles, are classed in a manner most confusing to the searcher.

The prefixes of foreign surnames are a source of woes unnumbered to indexers. Half the names in a French list would be classed, according to one plan, under D. But the rules of the new Society specially provide for the difficulty. "If the prefix be a preposition it must be rejected, and the name arranged in alphabet under the following letter—thus D', De, in French, Da in Italian, Von in German, and Van in Dutch are no real portion of foreign names, which can stand very well without them. If, however, the prefix be an article, such as the French La, it must be retained; for instance, the full name of the great astronomer La Place is De La Place, but it is under L that it could alone be placed with propriety." Such a rule does not, however, or should not, apply to foreign names naturalized here, and De Quincey or Le Fanu should not appear under Q or F. But most index-makers, we take it, would under this rule leave out the De of Dutch names as well as the Van. De Jongh is not "of Jongh," but "the young"; and the De in Holland does not mark a noble family as it does in France. Yet we have seen De Tromp written for Van Tromp, a translation, perhaps, rather than an error; and Van Ruyter for De Ruyter, which is wholly inadmissible. Indexers, however, unless they are as intelligent as Mr. Wheatley himself, will seldom be much troubled about such niceties.

Among curiosities of indexes Mr. Wheatley treats us to an enumeration of absurdities like the well-known entries:—

Mill on Liberty,  
" on the Floss.

This, he asserts, actually occurred; but the following, selected from a long list of such examples in the *Companion to the Almanac and Pepys's Diary*, are quite as good:—

Cotton, Sir Willoughby

" price of

Court ladies, masculine attire of the

" Arches

Lamb's Conduit

" Wool

New Annuities

Brentford

Old age

Bailey

Scotland, state of

" Yard

He also notices some mistakes in classified catalogues:—"Edgeworth's Essay on Irish Bulls and a Treatise on the Great Seal have been placed under the heading of *Zoology*: Napier's *Bones under Anatomy*; Swinburne's *Under the Microscope*, under *Optical Instruments*; a volume of poems entitled the *Viol and the Lute*, under *Musical Instruments*; Ruskin's *Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds*, under *Agriculture*; McEwen on the *Types*, under *Printing*; and, most famous of all, Link de Stellis Marinis, under *Astronomy*." That there should be room for satire, personal feeling, and spite in indexes every reader who remembers Prynne will acknowledge; Swift's analytical table prefaced to the *Tale of a Tub* is an important part of the work. Every one has enjoyed the humorous index to the *Biglow Papers*, in which we read of the comfortable accommodation in Spanish castles, of the convenience in time of famine of the habit of eating words, and of the safety of opposing wrong in the abstract. Mr. Wheatley gives some extracts from the index of Bromley's *Travels*, made by his political opponents to bring him into ridicule when he was the Tory candidate for the Speakership of the House of Commons:—"Boulogne, the first city on the French shore, lies on the coast, p. 2. The English Jesuites Colledge at Rome may be made larger than 'tis by uniting other buildings to

it, p. 132. The Duchess-Dowager of Savoy who was grandmother to the present Duke was mother to his father, p. 243." King, the author of the well-known *Anecdotes of his own Time*, made an index of this kind to an examination of Bentley's *Epistles of Phalaris*. Macaulay, who strangely enough did not make his own index—though in his youth he had indexed a volume of the *Christian Observer*—was much afraid that a Tory should be employed on the *History*. A recent work of considerable pretensions unquestionably suffered in public estimation by the peculiar views of the index-maker, who could no more exclude them than one of Dickens's characters could keep the head of Charles out of his petition. Mr. Wheatley's little book will afford a reader the indulgence of a very pleasant hour's reading, and yet leave the feeling that all the time he has been engaged in improving his mind.

#### MAUD LINDEN'S LOVERS.\*

THIS is a book which, in a certain sense, may be said to be remarkable—whether remarkably good or remarkably bad we will leave to our readers to decide. The plot of the story is much as follows:—There lived a "weak-minded and profligate man," named Sir Felix Estcourt, who "contracted a most imprudent marriage with a woman below his own rank, though, if she had been a good woman, that would have signified not." Sir Felix "became more deeply steeped in profligacy than ever, in gambling, drinking—and worse. He died a disreputable death in a gambling-saloon at Homburg, his wife having previously given birth to three sons." The eldest of these three boys died of small-pox, having been somewhat assisted in so doing by his mother, "who never relinquished a wild career of frivolous gaiety, even while the poor boy languished at the doors of death, nor scarcely (*sic*) shed a natural tear when they placed him in the grave." Nor scarcely did she pay more attention to number two, her affections being entirely centered on number three. This charming woman "entertained an affection for her youngest child as unaccountable and, I might almost say, as ferocious as her detestation of" the elder one. When they were good-sized boys, Felix, the elder, administered a thrashing to Jasper, the younger; but he made a fatal mistake in so doing, as he was subjected in return to a severe maternal flogging, followed by a week's solitary confinement on bread and water in a certain eastern tower of the family mansion, which frequently figures during the course of the story. Nevertheless, when the boys grew up they appeared to get on tolerably well together, and they deliberately began to play at the amusing game of Faust and Mephistopheles, the elder assuming the former character and the younger the latter. Having selected as a Marguerite the daughter of a poor schoolmaster, they enjoyed themselves very much, until Sir Felix, "to his own detriment and loss," committed the blunder of marrying the object of his affections. Of course the ill-conditioned mother was furious with her son for making such a marriage, and the schoolmaster, instead of being pleased at his daughter's union with a baronet, broke his heart—probably, we should think, from fatty degeneration. The bride and bridegroom, not finding things very pleasant at home, started for a cruise on the coast of France. There they were wrecked, and the excitement of the story forthwith begins. Marguerite was rescued, and found her way home to her loving mother-in-law, who was delighted at the idea of the probable death of her eldest son. Still there was a thorn to this rose, for there were symptoms of the approaching birth of a grandchild, who might prevent her dear youngest son from enjoying the title and estates; therefore she took the youth into her confidence, and the mother and son proceeded to conceive "a fiendish scheme." First they shut up the expectant mother in the eastern tower, in which her husband had been formerly punished. Then Jasper, the youngest son, followed a celebrated ladies' doctor as he was taking a walk in the dark, and conveyed him, with a pistol at his head, in a carriage with all the blinds down, to the home of the Estcourts, and took him up the backstairs to the bedside of his sister-in-law. Presently a male child was born, with a "most singular, though distinctly-formed mark, somewhat resembling a small pink cross," upon its left breast. Then the doctor was taken out again (pistol business as before), and driven in the same carriage, with the blinds down, to the spot whence he had been taken, after which he was allowed peaceably to resume his quiet walk.

Having hatched the pink-marked baby, Jasper got rid of it by placing it, with a candour worthy of a better cause, in the hands of a woman who had formerly known its mother; and he even told her whose child it was—not that the good woman made much use of her knowledge. Lady Estcourt died very soon after the birth of her child; but whether we are intended to suppose that her mother and brother-in-law helped her to die we do not clearly understand. Soon afterwards Sir Felix reappeared, not having been drowned after all. His mother and brother at once assured him that trustworthy information had been received that his wife had been drowned. Why they should have adopted such a dangerous course of proceeding it is rather hard to say, as her death might easily have been proved, and the child had been got rid of. We are informed that only two or three servants could have disclosed the truth, and

\* *Maud Linden's Lovers*. A Novel. By George W. Garrett, Author of "Squire Harrington's Secret," &c. &c. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1878.

that they had been replaced by new ones; but a secret confided to two or three servants would not be in very safe keeping, especially when those servants had been sent away. Sir Felix, on being told that his wife was drowned, at first contemplated suicide, but, changing his mind, he decided to exist, and become callous to all earthly things. "Callousness towards all earthly things," in his case, meant a voyage to Australia, New Zealand, and Van Diemen's Land. In Australia he dug for gold, with the hope that he might have his head broken by night for the sake of the nugget he discovered by day. Whether he failed to discover the nugget we are not told, but he certainly failed to get his head broken. After more than twenty years of voluntary exile, the idea suddenly occurred to him to revisit England, and look up his mother and brother—"by which," he says, "it will be perceived the romance in my bosom was not yet extinct." Pleased with the idea of the little surprise which his fertile imagination had prepared for his dear relations, he landed in England, and presented himself without the slightest warning at the home of his ancestors. As his brother had been enjoying the title and estate for twenty years, it can readily be imagined that he did not enter very keenly into the spirit of this little pleasantry, nor was his mother any better pleased. Neither mother nor brother would recognize him, and Sir Felix found himself elevated to the proud though unsatisfactory position of an "unhappy nobleman." Instead of allowing the claimant to go up to London and consult his lawyer, his judicious relations locked him up in the well-known and extremely convenient eastern tower, and made preparations for his removal to a private lunatic asylum. When all arrangements had been made, the patient was placed in a close carriage, and packed off for the asylum. But the journey was rudely interrupted by the long-lost baby with the singular mark, who, however, did not know that the prisoner in the carriage was his father. The now grown-up baby seized the horses' reins, knocked the coachman off the box, and proceeded to attack the three other custodians of the patient. Between the two horses and his four assailants, the gallant youth was about to be overcome by numbers, his only ally having been knocked down and rendered helpless, when some detective policemen opportunely arrived upon the scene, and the unhappy nobleman was at once liberated. The magnanimous policemen appear to have made no attempt to arrest the wicked brother and his hired ruffians, and their whole behaviour was utterly unlike that of emissaries from Scotland Yard.

It is now time to mention that the boy with the singular mark had been making love all through the book to the betrothed of his wicked uncle, without knowing until late in the third volume who his own parents had been, although he had previously had cause for suspecting that he might possibly be connected with the Estcourts. Of course when his uncle's wickedness was discovered, the heroine threw him over and married the nephew, with whom she lived happily ever after. The number of curious coincidences in these volumes is wonderful. The sailor who saved Sir Felix's life when he was wrecked off the coast of France happened to adopt the singularly marked baby. A friend of the sailor happened to be also a friend of the ladies' doctor who happened to assist at the said baby's birth. The baby, when grown up, happened to meet his father without knowing him, at a roadside inn, and saved his life from a bull. And a friend of the baby's happened to marry a daughter of the very woman who had farmed him.

The love-making in this book is not its least remarkable feature. When the hero is declaring his passion to the heroine, he says, "Of a night I used to dream of you—nay, by heaven! I do dream of you. Of a day I have indulged in dreams sweeter and more foolish than those which soothed my sleep at night." But we suppose we must excuse this amazingly silly speech, for shortly afterwards he explains, "I should not have said it, but it has burst from me quite unawares." The author would have done well if he had refrained from attempting to be poetical. The heart of a man who has never been in love is, he tells us, "like an album in which is written no poetry." The best kind of album, he might have added. The hero, when in love, became fond of "Mr. Alfred Tennyson and some of that gentleman's exquisite poems." He spent much of his leisure also in composing on his own account, with "ink and paper—tinted and perfumed paper, look you—outspread before him." First let us observe the graphic force of the "look you," and then let us meditate on the charming idea of a poet, say Dante, Milton, or even that gentleman Mr. Alfred Tennyson, sitting down to write poetry on tinted and perfumed paper. The heroine's poetical attempts—"juvenile outpourings" the author calls them—were locked up in a "specially private drawer, along with bags of lavender and rose leaves, and various gushing letters"; but her lover "turned over the pages of his album" (*i.e.* his heart) "and gloated over the imperishable poetry which Maud's bright eyes had written there." We would modestly suggest that, if a second edition should be brought out of *Maud Linden's Lovers*, it should be printed on tinted and perfumed paper, and illustrated with valentines; and that it should be exposed for sale only in perfumers or hairdressers' shops. And the author is as fond of confectioneries as of perfumery. Here is a description of a wedding-breakfast:

Such a breakfast! Eperges brimming over with the loveliest of perfumed flowers; wonderful dishes with still more wonderful things to eat inside them; everything so grand and fairy-like, and possessing such extraordinary names that the waiters stared and gaped and said, "Yes-sir; beg pard'n! what d'you say, sir?" when Uncle Josh, or his equally jolly wife, essayed to mention them.

All these excellent things were served by "the most immacu-

late of waiters as to temperance," and when the bride "cut the first slice of that wondrous wedding-cake" she was "blushing like a peony."

A chapter in the second volume, headed "The same—The Light in the Turret," is a good specimen of the author's attempts at agony-writing. He tells us that it was getting dusk when the wicked Sir Jasper Estcourt took his guest for a walk in the grounds of his lonely old mansion, and casually observed to his companion:—"The old place has a grand local reputation of being haunted; so if you wake in the night and find a hideous old woman, in high-heeled shoes and the costume of Queen Anne's time, peering into your face, you must not be surprised." Then the appearance of the old house is described. A glimpse of it was caught through the thick foliage, a light or two shining "through the lower windows of the western wing of the building, while the other end of it loomed, black and forbidding, against the sky." The pale crescent moon suddenly disclosed itself, as a thick cloud, driven by the wind, flitted away, and seemed to rest on the very centre of a certain round tower or pinnacle (two very different things we used to imagine), which peeped up above the general outline of the building. "The wind," wrote the guest, "howled through the trees dismally; the leaves and the grass seemed to bend and shiver in the way that is frequently the precursor of a storm. A rushing sound of footsteps, near a cluster of fir-trees at the back of us, startled me." His host assured him that this was only caused by one of the few deer that stocked the park. "And that other strange noise, what is that?" "The shrieking of the wild geese." All went on pretty well, however, until the visitor went to his bedroom for the night. The bedstead was a "four-poster, one with faded drapery; and in a corner of the room was an old screen of tapestry work." Besides these horrors, there was "an antique cabinet, the brass handles of which jingled with a mocking sound as though the brass lions' heads that held them were laughing and chattering at every step I took across the room. It was a grotesque piece of furniture, truly, with numberless drawers, besides two lofty doors which opened in the centre." After this kind of thing, one feels certain that something terrible is about to happen, and in this case the agony soon begins. When he looked out through his latticed window, "the foliage of clambering ivy partially obscured" his view, but he fancied he "perceived a ray of light falling from that turret window" which his host had assured him was now merely a lumber-room, but which had the reputation of being the specially haunted chamber. Turning from this awful scene to the account of a picnic, we find that the holiday-makers gathered violets and primroses at a time of year when standard roses, geraniums, and mignonette were in full flower in their gardens at home. When girls went out to stroll in country lanes, they put on bonnets, "and, my goodness! such captivating bonnets they were!" After these things we become quite hardened, and can even read unflinchingly of a young lady deftly presiding over a tea-table, and "dispensing with her soft white hands the balmy cup that soothes, and with her eyes glances and smiles that intoxicate." This was the same lady whose "juvenile outpourings" had been locked up along with bags of lavender and rose leaves.

We do not think it necessary to offer any criticisms on a book from which it is possible to make such quotations as these. We have had a large experience of what modern novelists are capable of, but we had not conceived it possible that quite so much vulgarity and nonsense could be crammed into one novel as we find in *Maud Linden's Lovers*.

#### GREEK PLAYS AND SCHOOL EDITIONS.\*

CANDIDATES for the Cambridge Previous Examination or Little-go in the autumn of 1879 may be congratulated on the fact of the authorities having chosen the *Ion* of Euripides for the Greek subject, inasmuch as it cannot but extend more widely than heretofore the too narrow range of the ordinary University subjects. And when so experienced an editor as Mr. Paley, the value of whose Euripides and *Æschylus* in the "Bibliotheca Classica" is recognized on all hands, is early in the field with a brief-note edition of the *Ion* for the Cambridge Texts series, there is ground to hope that a considerable number of junior undergraduates will by the end of the year have added more or less to their knowledge of Euripides as seen in an exceptionally fine play. For, although it does not abound in great or marked characters, there is more of complex and intricate plot in the *Ion* than in almost any other play of Euripides—plot that holds the reader on the proper stretch of suspense, and only terminates its surprises after a series

\* The *Ion* of Euripides. With Brief Notes for Young Students. By F. A. Paley, M.A. Cambridge: Deighton & Bell. London: Whittaker & Co.; G. Bell & Sons. 1878.

*Æschylus.—Prometheus Vinctus.* With Introduction and Notes. By A. O. Prickard, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of New College. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1878.

*Homer.—Iliad.* Book I. By D. B. Monro, M.A., Fellow of Oriel College. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1878.

*Xenophon's Anabasis.* Book II. Edited, with Notes, by C. S. Jerram, M.A., late Scholar of Trinity College. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1878.

*Stories in Attic Greek.* A Greek Reading-book for Junior Forms in Schools. By the Rev. F. D. Morice, M.A., Assistant-Master in Rugby School and Fellow of Queen's Coll., Oxford. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1878.

of startling incidents. The character of Creusa, the daughter of Erechtheus, who, after her early and clandestine union with Apollo, and the exposure and supposed loss of her babe, Ion, is led unwittingly to accompany her later husband, Xuthus, to the Delphian Oracle to consult the god respecting their childlessness, and the complications arising out of the wire-pullings of the god who is really the "rogue in the play," with the skilful management of the tokens of recognition produced at the needful time by the Delphian priestess, and the eventual happy reunion of the long-lost Ion with his mother, are features in the story which can only be held in the mind by careful perusal of the whole play. We may hope that the attention called to the *Ion* in the present year may have the result of producing a better translation of it than the inadequate versions of Potter and Woodhull, and affording a just estimate of a drama of so much pictorial beauty, so much "tragic irony," so much bearing upon Attic mythology, topography, and legend-lore. It need scarcely be said that, beautiful as it was, Judge Talfourd's *Ion* was only in name, scene, and some of its surroundings indebted to the Euripidean play; so that any reader who should dream of gleaning the one plot from a general knowledge of the other would find himself completely mistaken. For instance, the character of the temple-reared sacristan Ion, charming as it is in Euripides, has scarcely, with all his devotion to the shrine and the god, with whom he does not know his real connexion, the reverence and reticence which the modern dramatist would have considered necessary as regards his divine patron. The Ion in the play before us is well described by Mr. Bodham Donne in the *Euripides* of the "Ancient Classics for English Readers" as "by turns an expert ritualist or a polite cicerone." But Talfourd's *Ion* would have figured more aptly as an early Basil or Gregory of Delphi than as one who, in v. 437 (*seq.*), does not scruple to lecture his patron god upon his illicit amours, and his heartless desertion of the unlucky fruits of them. Yet this is quite in keeping with the outspoken language of Creusa in two passages of the play, and notably at v. 859 (*seq.*), an anapaestic monody where she reproaches herself with hesitation, Xuthus with perfidy, and the god Apollo with fraud. Mr. Paley's preface succinctly points out the drift of the play—namely, to enforce caste, to exclude aliens, and to limit civic honours to the well-born, a process which eventually ruined Athens. He fixes its date some four years after the death of Pericles. In his notes on the topography of Creusa's misfortune, *e.g.* on v. 13, Mr. Paley gives sufficient general aid to the reader, and refers him for further particulars to the delightful pages of Dr. Wordsworth's *Greece*. Where, as in the Prologue of Mercury (v. 20), reference is made to the necklace of snake ornaments (*cf.* v. 1431) which Creusa affixed to the child when she exposed it, Mr. Paley has a note which will be of interest to archaeologists, as broaching the topic of such ornaments as worn for a charm or fetish in Etruscan, Pompeian, and it might perhaps be added Romano-British jewelry. Equally helpful are his explanations of passages connected with the temple precincts at Delphi and the neighbouring oracle of Trophonius; and he is apt in his comparisons of the old pagan custom of strewing boughs of bay, myrtle, and rosemary at processions on the pavements of Continental churches with the tasks assigned to the young νεωσόρος or temple sweeper at Delphi. *A propos* of the mention of the δραφάλδων which Delphi represented in classic legends, Mr. Paley quotes the old maps (he might have cited the *Mappa Mundi* at Hereford) which make Jerusalem the centre of the round world. In the labour which Mr. Paley has bestowed on this edition, both in the revision and interpretation of the text, there is proof of concentration and compression, while in many instances he finds confirmation of his first views.

Mr. A. O. Prickard's edition of the *Prometheus of Aeschylus* for the Clarendon Press deals with a play the subject and language of which are more widely familiar. From the editor's reputation as a scholar and as a friend and pupil of the late Professor Conington we entertained hopes which the work before us has not disappointed. Steadfast in the aim of blending the practical advantages of a familiar text with a greater respect for Aeschylean MSS., he has mostly followed Dindorf's 2nd edition (Oxford, 1851), though admitting now and then a few variations that are found in that of 1869. The notes profess to be meant for students of Greek at an early stage, and our examination of them shows how well this object has been kept in view, both in such prefatory counsel as that Aeschylus is his own best interpreter, and that careful reading of any part of Homer is an excellent preparation for the language and thoughts of Aeschylus; and in his careful indication of notable features of the poet's style, such as his habit of repeating words—*e.g.* ἀκούται σ' ἀκούται in v. 19 (*cf.* 192, σπεύδωσιν στρέψονται, and 276) to mark a special force. This is a habit borrowed from Homer. Mr. Prickard has evidently studied the interest of tiro in his note at v. 21, ὁδὸν φωνὴν σῆτε τον μορφήν βροτῶν ὄψει, where he illustrates the figure Zeugma by showing what would be the "plena locutio"; and again in the note at v. 62 on the Ozymoron, as well as the Greek use of the participle for the infinitive on μάθει σοφίστης ἀν Δώδεις ναθίστερος, and that at v. 85, illustrative of the play on words so frequent in the Greek dramatists, which he caps with Shakespeare's "Old John of Gaunt, and gaunt in being old." Very lucid, too, are his notes on the peculiarity of Aeschylean compounds such as ναρθηκοτλῆτερος (109), ἀδαμαντοδέστερος (147), and δακρυσιστάκτος (399). On the problem of v. 210, where Gaia and Themis are said to be one in contradiction to v. 874, and *Eumenides* v. 1, where Themis is made Gaia's daughter and successor, his solution is reasonable, that the personality of these early Nature deities was very vague,

the tendency being to form one person out of two or more names with which legend associated like attributes. When, further on in the play, he has to deal with Prometheus's prophetic sketch of Io's wanderings, his elaborate notes on the elucidation of the geography (l. 705, *seq.*) deserve close attention. Of many introductions to Greek plays we have seldom read one so readable and helpful as Mr. Prickard's, and we particularly thank him for a trait which he insists on in all the Aeschylean gods and heroes, "that in them the poet depicts character as truly human as Milton's Satan or Abdiel in the great English epic."

Mr. Monro of Oriel's notes and essay on the grammar of the First Book of the Iliad are in part specially designed for rudimentary students; but we are bound to add that the thirty pages devoted to an essay on Homeric grammar furnish good meat for full-grown Homericists. A young beginner who should take it up with an honest determination to comply with the editor's directions, and, after well digesting the grammar and the peculiar dialectic and grammatical forms, should diligently hark back upon every occasion to the sections of it referred to in the notes, could hardly fail to find himself at the close of the book wonderfully well equipped for the study of the rest of the Iliad, and, generally speaking, fortified against any difficulties of construction or dialect. The sections of this essay which treat of metre and the quantity of doubtful vowels, the digamma, and the epic dialect and style will be found most useful reading; and the constant references to them in the notes will afford an invaluable exercise in the practice of the principles they enunciate. For a first book to Homer we could not wish a better than Mr. Monro's.

Of Mr. C. S. Jerram's edition with notes of the Second Book of Xenophon's *Anabasis* we are prepared to think well by his excellent work on the Tablet of Cebes which we reviewed some months ago; and, though we cannot help feeling that the *Anabasis* has had more than a fair share of competent editors of late years, and that spare energy might be better expended on a good edition of the same author's *Economicus*, the very work to put into a schoolboy's hand, we welcome this volume as culling the best notes of the best English and German editions, and embodying the most recent results of geographical research. One feature is very notable in it—namely, that Mr. Jerram sends even old scholars to their Liddell and Scott oftener than his contemporaries—*e.g.* in c. ii. l. 82 at εἰδὼπον ἄγον, where the absence of a note, which would be simply a "construe," is a virtue in a school edition. In elucidation of the grammar of Xenophon, Mr. Jerram is usually quite at home, as where, on i. 68, he gives a note on the four forms of a conditional sentence and (*ibid.* 93) illustrates the use of the adverb with the article in τὸν ἔπειρα χρόνον, by St. Paul's expression, "thine often infirmities." He is doubtless right in adopting the view that the Τρύπη ποταμός of c. ii. l. 15 cannot be the Tigris proper, but a branch, once much larger than it is now, which is known as the *lesser Tigris*. This, as he says, may be seen by studying the map. We are glad to observe that Mr. Jerram promises an edition of Lucian's "Vera Historia."

The last volume on our list is Mr. Morice's happy endeavour to introduce beginners to Attic Greek in a more palatable form than that in which it is presented in the *Delectus* or the (pseudo) Aesop. He seeks to effect this "not *per saltum*, but gradually and with preparation," and carries out his purpose by means of a very copious vocabulary, and ten prefatory pages of capital "Hints to Beginners." Some of the stories are now given for the first time in a Greek dress; others are taken mostly from the less read Greek authors, and, in the case of the later and longer stories, from Thucydides, with adaptations. Perhaps it would be a good precaution in reading these stories to make sure first of all that they are new. One at page 18 is entitled "Nelides and his Grandmother," and as its point turns on the reply of a future admiral, at the age of five years, that "he did not know who *fear* was," it soon occurred to us who "Nelides" was, and we discovered that we were reading an anecdote from Southey's Life of Nelson in Attic Greek. Some other stories—*e.g.* 187 and 188 on "Old Wine"—are happily turned Joe Millers, which we can conceive affording amusement to beginners of Greek.

#### MINOR NOTICES.

**M**ESSRS. MACMILLAN have produced an English version of Dr. Busch's now well-known work (1) which will doubtless be of great service to people who want to become acquainted with the whole of the book without encountering the trouble of reading it in German. Perhaps Dr. Busch's likeness to Boswell comes out more strongly in the translation than in the original. Here is a passage which is in a way curiously Boswellian:—"In the bright autumn nights we used in our walks in the park to see the tall form and the white cap of the Chancellor issue from the shadow of the bushes into the moonlight and walk slowly up and down. What was the unsleeping man thinking of? What ideas were revolving in the head of the solitary wanderer? What plans germinated or ripened in the still midnight hours?" Another friend of the park inspired us with less reverential feelings, that ever-young disciple of the Muses, Abeiken, as we heard him reciting in the evening, with no melodious voice, strophes from the Greek

(1) *Bismarck in the Franco-German War, 1870-1871.* Authorized Translation from the German of Dr. Moritz Busch, 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co.

tragedians or the *Wanderers' Nachtlied*. It looked almost comical when the old man's feelings made him search in the morning under the dry leaves for violets to send to his wife, the 'Frau Geheime-Legations Räthinn' in Berlin. But it was not pretty in me to laugh inwardly at him, for I must confess that, instigated by him, I afterwards sent some myself to my own Frau Doctorinn to give her pleasure."

One of the oddest results of universal competition is found in the atlas-like volume (2) which Mr. Marsh has prepared for the solace of the miserable wretches who are doomed to a course of examinations. The purpose for which it is, we are told, intended, "is not to supersede the use of books, but rather to jog the memory and test the methods adopted for preparing for the ordeal of a public examination, affording them, as it were, an opportunity of examining themselves beforehand and supplying their own deficiencies." In the space afforded by seventy-six pages of clear type the memory is jogged on the subjects of English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish, Greek, and Latin; general geography, English history, the British Constitution, arithmetic, elementary and advanced, algebra, and mensuration. English history is disposed of in four pages, and, for some reason best known to those versed in examinations, the only reign to which any but passing mention is given is that of Queen Elizabeth, whose general character is sketched in this brilliant manner:—"She ruled with absolute sway, yet chose wise and grave counsellors. Elizabeth never married. Her favourites were the Earl of Leicester and the Earl of Essex, whose generosity merited a better end than his own rashness and false friends brought him to." Perhaps Mr. Marsh, having produced a book for the help of those subject to the general ordeal of public examination, will now devote his attention to preparing one for the use of persons intending to submit themselves to the Caucus.

Mr. Haslam's *First Latin Book* (3) is a good specimen of the improved elementary manuals turned out under the reign of modern and scientific scholarship. It obviously requires more personal trouble and attention on the part of the teacher than the old-fashioned grammars, which were mere collections of matter to be learnt by rote, and left understanding to take care of itself; but this is probably intended, and in any case is not undesirable. A short introduction endeavours to set before boys the advantages of learning Latin; we conceive that its success will depend more on its falling upon willing ears than on its own merits, but it is very sound as far as it goes. The following paragraph may indeed deserve consideration among those adults who talk about the virtue of learning science, as if natural science were easier to teach thoroughly than anything else, or enumerations of phenomena could not be learnt by heart as unintelligibly as inflections:—"I daresay you will have been told that it is very important for you to learn what is called Natural Science. Learning Natural Science teaches you how to notice things that you see and hear, and make rules about them for yourself, in just the same way that learning arithmetic teaches you to notice numbers and make rules about them; and learning Latin teaches you to notice your words and make rules about them. But neither your numbers nor the things that you see and hear will be so much use to you if you cannot speak about them and write about them in careful words; And, to get this carefulness about words, your best way is to learn Latin thoroughly as well as these other subjects."

The miniature octavo lettered "Divine Breathing" (4) is, in its outward aspect, one of those dainty reprints which Mr. Whittingham knows so well how to produce; and in this case the trouble has been worthily bestowed upon a book of real merit as a serviceable manual of practical devotion. We learn, both from the preface which the Rev. W. J. Loftie has prefixed and from our own examination, that a certain mystery attaches to the authorship and to the literary history of the volume. The title-page of the, we believe, unique copy from which the present edition is reprinted announces that it is the "fifteenth edition with additions," and it is "printed for G. Keith in Gracechurch Street, 1775." On the other hand, the "Address to the Christian Reader" is signed, without date, by a certain "Christopher Perin," who states that, though "the author's name is not prefixed, his piety these heavenly breathings speak; which being found by person of no mean degree, among the writings of an eminent divine, have been by him communicated only to his dearest relations, as a celestial dove to carry the olive-branch of peace unto their souls." A copy fell, so Perin says, into his hands, and he published it. Such are the indications on which Mr. Loftie had to work, and the only Christopher Perin on whom he has been able to light is one of whom he learns from Le Neve's *Fasti* that he "occupied a Stall in Winchester Cathedral Church and died before the year 1610, having held the prebend above twenty-seven years." Mr. Loftie contends that two perfectly different theories may be formed out of these facts—one being that the Perin of the book was the Prebendary of Winchester, and therefore the editor of the lost first edition; the other, that he was some unknown bearer of the same name of a later generation, who floated

(2) *The Students' Reminder and Pupils' Help in preparing for a Public Examination.* By Thomas Marsh, Author of "An English Grammar," &c. London: Stevens & Haynes.

(3) *First Latin Book.* By F. W. Haslam, B.A., Second Master of United Service College, Westward Ho. London: Whittaker & Co. Rugby: A. J. Lawrence. 1879.

(4) *Divine Breathing; or, a Pious Soul thirsting after Christ in a Hundred Pathetical Meditations.* London: Pickering & Co. New York: Dodd, Mead, & Co. 1879.

that fifteenth edition of the year 1775 from the sole existing copy of which, as we have explained, this reprint has been made. For our own part, taking the facts as stated by Mr. Loftie, we have no doubt that the first is the only tenable hypothesis. Not only would the latter one imply that the copy of the book which came into Perin's hands was one of the printed editions, which would be a very strained meaning to put upon his words, and that somehow he had an unexplained familiarity with the circumstances of its composition, but there is the internal evidence of his own phraseology, which seems to carry its own date with it. The extract which we have given is in itself enough to prove that his style is natural to a writer of the end of Elizabeth's and beginning of James I.'s reign, while it would have been simply impossible to a contemporary of Dr. Johnson. Moreover, the book ends with "Pious Reflections of a Devout Reader," who is made to apostrophize the "blessed author" with the question "Art thou yet alive?" composed in language which the original Perin might have used, but which is inconceivable from the pen of a Georgian editor. These considerations, however, are far from exhausting the difficulties attending the book. The total destruction and absolute oblivion which have attended fourteen editions, and the all but total loss of the fifteenth, would be very puzzling, while we have only the word of the publisher of the latter for the existence of those fourteen. The only thing certain from internal evidence is the correspondence in date between the portion which professes to come from the pen of Perin and that which he attributes to the unknown author. This correspondence would, of course, be intelligible if the whole book were in reality the production of "Perin" himself—whether "Perin" were the Prebendary or some later namesake—just as it would be found under the first of Mr. Loftie's conjectures. In our ignorance of G. Keith's antecedents, it might not be uncharitable to go one step further in our conjectures, and ask whether it is quite certain that the fourteen editions had any existence except on his title-page? If they have not, and if, as is quite possible, he may have got possession of the Perin MS., or have been imposed upon by some literary man who had done so, the difficulty is reduced to the disappearance of the 1775 edition, which may, after all, have been an abortive publication. There is yet another incident about the book which may give some clue to the mystery. Various authors, as might have been expected in a work of its date, are quoted in the course of the excellent "Breathings"; but we have failed to discover any of a later date than St. Bernard. Such a peculiarity in a book of devotion written in England about the close of the sixteenth or beginning of the seventeenth century can be most readily explained by supposing that the writer's sympathies were not much with the Reformation; and in this case there may have been good reasons both for suspending publication and for some mystification respecting the authorship.

M. Rambaud's valuable *History of Russia* (5) was reviewed at length in our columns last year, when we observed that "M. Rambaud does not pretend to give an exhaustive account of the details of Russian history. He occupies himself with the causes that bring about events, and with the events that tend to shape the causes." In the course of our remarks on that occasion, we called attention to the various points of interest which offer themselves in M. Rambaud's work, and it is now not necessary to do more than to point out the fact that Mrs. Lang's translation has made the book accessible to all English readers. We must, however, give a word of special praise to the translator's easy and correct style. The volumes are adorned with well-executed illustrations.

A new and enlarged edition has appeared of Messrs. Northcote and Brownlow's authorized compilation from the well-known and valuable works of Commendatore de Rossi on the Roman Catacombs (6). The additions to this revised version of the work are mainly the incorporation of the substance of the third volume of De Rossi's work which appeared in 1877. Also marginal references to De Rossi are given, and a separate volume, uniform with the one before us, and already reviewed in these columns, is devoted to the inscriptions of the Catacombs. A letter from Commendatore de Rossi, printed in the preface, serves to answer the charge of inaccuracy which has been brought against the compilers and translators.

Messrs. Bell have issued a most handy and well got-up edition of that most delightful book the *Essays of Elia* (7). It is possible that those who know and love their Elia will prefer their own well-thumbed copy, if it is not in absolute tatters, to any new one, however convenient; but readers who are yet in darkness as to Lamb will find themselves attracted by the outside excellence of this edition before they are fascinated by its contents.

Attempts to combine instruction with jocosity are not, as a rule, desirable or successful. It is fair to Mr. Drury to say that in his venture in this direction (8) there are one or two amusing

(5) *The History of Russia; from the earliest times to 1877.* By Alfred S. Rambaud, Professeur à la Faculté des Lettres à Nancy, &c. Translated by Leonora B. Lang. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(6) *Roma Sotterranea; or, an Account of the Roman Catacombs.* Compiled from the Works of Commendatore de Rossi, with the consent of the Author, by the Rev. J. Spencer Northcote, D.D., and the Rev. W. R. Brownlow, M.A. New Edition, re-written and greatly enlarged. London: Longmans & Co.

(7) *Essays of Elia and Eliana.* By Charles Lamb. With a Memoir by Barry Cornwall. 2 vols. London: Bell & Sons.

(8) *Drury's Comical French Grammar; or, French in an Amusing Point of View.* By Edward James Drury. Author of "Double-Entry Book-keeping at a Glance," &c. London: George Rivers.

hits, but that is about all that can be said. As a whole, the work will neither amuse nor teach its readers. Those who want really to learn will be bored by the constant attempts at joking; those who want to be amused will probably seek entertainment elsewhere.

A seventh edition has appeared of Dr. Abbott's pamphlet on impediments of speech (9). What Dr. Abbott says on this matter is sensible, if commonplace; but it is somewhat remarkable that the promise of the title-page is practically but half fulfilled. Dr. Abbott tells us a good deal about the causes of these impediments; as to their cure, he tells us that Dr. Abbott can effect it, and very little more. No doubt it is impossible to recommend in writing any general remedy for an affection which takes such various forms, and which is at present so little understood. Many quacks—among whom Dr. Abbott is not to be classed—have taken up the matter, and have advertised wonderful cures for stuttering and stammering, which have been invariably unsuccessful. The truth, which Dr. Abbott recognizes, and even insists upon, is that almost every case requires a special treatment. We remember being told by an old West-countryman, who was especially clear of speech, that he had been an inveterate stammerer in his youth, and had cured himself by resolving to repeat one of the Psalms straight through every morning, and whenever he had odd time to fill up, without hesitation. There is of course little doubt that most forms of exercise in reading or speaking aloud will effect a temporary improvement, although a permanent cure is very rare. Our objection to Dr. Abbott's pamphlet is that it really throws no new light on the subject, although it must be credited with the negative merit of recommending no quack remedies.

Mr. Hamilton ends slightly tedious preface to his work on the Poets-Laureate of England (10) by an appeal to critics to be merciful as they are strong. "Blame me not," he writes, "if the flavour do not suit your palate, for here is no pretension to the poetry of a Hogg nor the philosophy of Bacon." Before so curiously-worded and so candid confession we feel ourselves disarmed, and will merely do Mr. Hamilton the justice of quoting his judgment upon Mr. Tennyson. "Tennyson's poetry will eventually be treated in much the same way as posterity has dealt with that written by the more admired of his predecessors. His longer works will become standard classics, read by thoughtful students, and the few people who really care for good poetry, and who can and will spare the time to ponder over its beauties. Some of his grandest passages will appear as disjointed extracts in school books and ladies' albums, whilst by the general public his name will be remembered chiefly in connexion with the brief and more trivial productions of his pen; and poems by which he now sets little store will then probably be chosen as examples of his skill." The gift of prophecy is a rare and wondrous thing.

A second edition has appeared of a little work (11) written by one who has evidently studied Mr. Tennyson's writings with the utmost care and minuteness, and has given in this volume some of the results of his researches. Amongst other things of interest the volume contains some curious instances of parallel passages in "In Memoriam" and Shakspere's sonnets.

Mrs. Heaton's work in editing the *British Painters* (12) of Allan Cunningham, whom she calls "our shrewd Scottish Vasari," has been done with care and skill. No alteration beyond mere verbal correction has been made in the original text, but a good deal that is useful has been added in foot-notes. Mrs. Heaton may be congratulated on the success of her work as editor, and on the interesting Life of Cunningham which she has prefixed to the biographies.

The same publishers give us a new edition of Mr. Redgrave's Dictionary of English Artists (13), a work of which the value has long been recognized.

The many admirers of Mr. Locker's verses (14) may perhaps be disappointed at finding that a new book bearing his name contains but a small proportion of his own work. The volume is, in fact, a selection from his commonplace book of stories, verses, and reflections which, when they were originally collected, he had no idea of publishing. In such a work there must of course be some stories that are not absolutely new; but almost all of these are so good that we are glad to meet with them again and to know that they are preserved. Of the stories that are new by far the best to our thinking is that of Mr. Doo and his "little book," which will be found in p. 125. In p. 77 Mr. Locker gives four of the titles supplied by Hood for sham books—"Percy Vere," in forty volumes; "Life of Zimmermann," by himself; "Tadpoles, or Tales out of my own Head"; "Voltaire, Volney, Volta," three vols. Surely "Cursory Remarks on Swearing" was worthy to be ranked with these.

(9) *Impediments of Speech—Stammering, Stuttering, Lispings, &c.: their Causes and Cure.* By William Abbott, M.D. Seventh Edition. London: G. J. Pitman.

(10) *The Poets-Laureate of England.* By Walter Hamilton. London: Elliot Stock.

(11) *Tennysonian.* Second Edition, revised and enlarged. London: Pickering & Co.

(12) *The Lives of the Most Eminent British Painters.* By Allan Cunningham. Revised Edition. Annotated and continued to the present time by Mrs. Charles Heaton. London: George Bell & Sons.

(13) *A Dictionary of Artists of the English School: Painters, Sculptors, Architects, Engravers, and Ornamentists.* With Notices of their Lives and Work. By Samuel Redgrave. New Edition, Revised to the present date. London: George Bell & Sons.

(14) *Patchwork.* By Frederick Locker. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

Professor Morley has issued a new edition of his Life of Palissy (15). He observes that when the book first appeared in 1852 practically nothing was known of Palissy in England. "Even in France one who then knew his whole worth remarked, 'How completely Palissy has remained unknown, to the peasants whose tongue he employed so well—to the wise men whose science he should have reformed.'" It was necessary, therefore, in former editions to include much matter which is now either abridged or omitted. The new edition is welcome, and will doubtless be widely appreciated.

Mr. O'Flanagan's book (16) reminds us somewhat of the Prince's comment on Falstaff's reckoning. There are some very good stories in it, as one would naturally expect in a book dealing with such a subject, but there is also an intolerable deal of dulness.

We cannot, we fear, compliment Captain Chawner highly on his translations (17). He appears to have very little knowledge of the laws of rhyme and metre, and without some learning in this direction it is not altogether easy to produce good verses. Here is a stanza from "Lenore" by way of a specimen:—

But hark! without, trot, trot, trot heard  
As of a charger's gallop,  
The clank as of a knight that spurred,  
And at the postern drew up.  
And hark! and hark! that portal's ring,  
Then soft and gentle, ting, ting, ting,  
There came in at the gate  
These sounds articulate.

Miss Edwards, in a little volume which she announces as the first of three series (18), gives us various selections from English poetry, chiefly lyrical, beginning with Chaucer and ending with Gray and Cowper. The second series is to begin with Burns and come down to to-day, and the third is to contain specimens of English prose. The hope of the compiler that the three volumes taken together will "afford a pleasant bird's-eye view ranging over nearly five hundred years of English literature," is perhaps a trifle extravagant; but it may at least be said that the selections in the first of the series have been made with judgment, and that the notes are on the whole excellent. We must, however, protest against their writer making, even "with much diffidence," an alteration which seems utterly weak and needless, and which does not pretend to be supported by any authority, in a line of Burton's ode "On Melancholy." The love of emendation seems to be growing to such proportions that it will soon have to be classed as a new vice, and we are sorry to find it encouraged in a volume which otherwise has much to recommend it.

The publisher's note to the two volumes extracted from Mr. Spedding's well-known edition of Bacon's (19) occasional writings shows what would otherwise only be apparent from the spelling adopted, that the work is originally American. The note explains that the work was projected and executed to meet what was believed to be the demand among American readers for a biography of Bacon, which "should present the result of the most thorough criticism and inquiry, and include so much of contemporary history as is needed to give the life its proper setting.... The editor of this American abridgment has followed Mr. Spedding's order and authority in all points; his part has been to retain those portions which he judges to be of most interest to American readers." The result of this is that the commentary has become the most important part of the work, the writings serving only to illustrate it. It is certainly true that in any popular and brief Life of Bacon most of the letters are not necessary to the reader, although they are to the writer. The work was undertaken with Mr. Spedding's permission; and, when the selections had been made, he revised and corrected them; so that "the book as it now stands may be regarded as embodying the editor's conception of what would be chosen by an American reader who should judiciously skip in his reading of the original work, and Mr. Spedding's final literary revision." Such a work has an obvious and undoubted value, and ought to find many readers here as well as in America.

(15) *Palissy the Potter: the Life of Bernard Palissy of Saintes.* By Henry Morley. New Edition. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.

(16) *The Irish Bar; comprising Anecdotes, Bon-mots, and Biographical Sketches of the Bench and Bar of Ireland.* By J. Roderick O'Flanagan, Barrister-at-Law. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(17) *Gleanings from the German and French Poets.* By Edward Chawner, late Captain 77th Regiment, D.C.O. London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

(18) *A Poetry-Book of Elder Poets; consisting of Songs and Sonnets, Odes and Lyrics.* Selected and Arranged, with Notes, from the Works of the Elder English Poets, by Amelia B. Edwards. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

(19) *An Account of the Life and Times of Francis Bacon.* Extracted from the Edition of his Occasional Writings by James Spedding. 2 vols. London: Trübner & Co.

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